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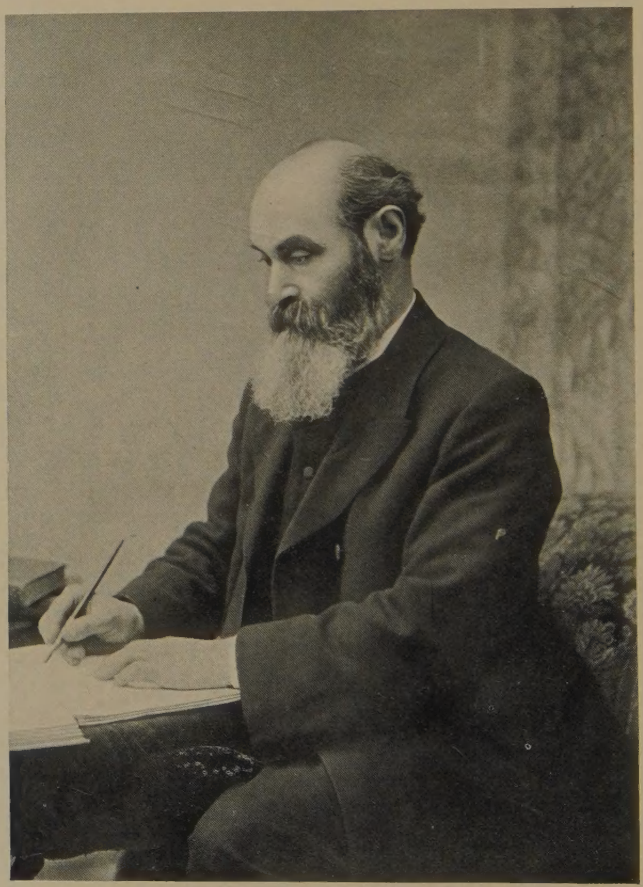

REV. MARCUS S. BERGMANN.

MARCUS S. BERGMANN

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Translator of the Scriptures into Yiddish

By

NATHANIEL WISEMANN

Author of "The Prentice Boys," "Children's Sermons," "Mighty Deeds," etc., etc., etc

What if we live many and various lives? Each providing us its peculiar opportunities of acquiring some new good, and casting away the slough of some old evil so that the course of our existence should include a series of lessons?

Guesses at Truth.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

An Orphan in a Strange Land . . . 3

CHAPTER II

Learning Liberty in the House of Bondage . 21

CHAPTER III

In Schools but not Learning 37

CHAPTER IV

Day Breaking amid Clouds 55

CHAPTER V

Buying the Truth and Paying for It . . 75

CHAPTER VI

Strange Discovery about Abraham's Seed . 87

CHAPTER VII

The Silent Witness Eloquent . . . 107

CHAPTER VIII

THROUGH HOLY FIELDS FOR HAPPY WORK . . 113

CHAPTER IX

THE OPENING DOOR; SHALL IT BE CLOSED? . 145

AN ORPHAN IN A STRANGE LAND

Sowing day is a silent day,
Resting night, a silent night;
But whoso reaps the ripen'd corn
Shall shout in his delight,
When silences vanish away.

On Gladstone's monument at Hawarden are these words: "All I think, all I write, all I am, is based on the Divinity of Jesus Christ the central hope of our wayward race."

Children always turn towards the light. O! that grown-up people in this would become like little children.

CHAPTER I

An Orphan in a Strange Land

All that for thee was meant
Was given, and all is spent;
A little love was thine, a little grief;
How quickly dries the brief,
Sweet tear, the loosen'd leaf!
How light it falls to earth and with content!

DORA GREENWELL.

The first thing we learn is Meum, the last, Tuum. None can have lived among children without noticing the former fact; few have associated with men and not remarked the latter.

HARE: *Guesses at Truth.*

By portraits, trinkets, letters, epitaphs, and biographies, we seek to perpetuate lost delights; but the aching heart tells us how unavailing these tricks are.

The Ashes of Roses.

THE birthplace, the circumstances that mould childhood, and the constricting trifles that guide a soul to its mission will always repay study, not only because the evolution of character is instructive, but more because every life is willingly or by constraint a plan of God, playing some part in the purpose, always unseen, that moulds events, even the adverse, so that they, more or less, contribute to the triumph of the Gospel. Hence, no career is untouched by romance, and every life story exhibits a series of minute providences linked and so

timed that they introduce new forces or stimulate others languid or diffused. Especially is the process of conversion illuminative; because grace acts diversely yet always in complete obedience to spiritual laws, so that in one operation the Divine Spirit accomplishes many things. Our theme is the liberation of a soul born into traditional bondage, and the equipment of that same soul for a mission beyond expression high and noble, blessed in its present and more so in its future influences. The God who called Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, pitied the outcasts of Israel, and at the fitting time raised up a man to give them the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue. To tell how that man was thrust forward, led gently until he was assured of his call, and then, when obedient to the heavenly voice he yielded up himself and his powers to the work whereto he was called, was step by step guided into widening success, is our purpose now. All who love the race of whom, as concerning the flesh, Jesus Christ our Lord came will rejoice that God hath again visited His people to grant them the knowledge of His will, and pray that Israel may know, know fully and with saving faith, that Holy and Just One who is Lord and Saviour to all who believe.

Marcus S. Bergmann, the man sent to give the Jews the Oracles of God in their daily speech, was born in Russian Poland, on the borders of Silesia, during the year 1846. What matter where, so that we be what God intends us to be, and realize the idea latent in our life? Wieruszow, the place of his nativity, is an almost wholly Jewish town, by no means a Ghetto, but the home of a colony, pious after a fashion, and wholly steeped in Rabbinism. Here the tribes of the wandering foot nursed their

faith and despised the idolatry masked as Christianity, and here, too, they ate out their hearts in wild wonderings, perplexed at the delay of Messiah and yet certain that He would come, and come to them. The atmosphere of the town was heavy with pathetic fancies, fairy hopes and goblin fears, life was framed in terror and frenzied with wild dreams; for the students of the law were haunted by dim dreads and real woes. Their religiousness was a cause of alarm, for it was saturated with superstition; to them, hard and practical as they appeared, the spiritual world was always at hand but never for comfort. Mists of doubt were indeed rainbowed to some by mighty promises, and the faith of their fathers held such with a tenacity almost fierce. But others were harassed by fears impalpable but weakening, living always in a world haunted by demons. Only in such a Jewish town, and amid such influences, could the mind of Israel's Luther attain the necessary tincture upon which the Spirit, after his call, could impose the essential qualifications required to make a man a true interpreter of the mind and will of God. In this old-world town, amid potent memories and shadowy hopes, the child grew, and his home was a place of interest and calculated to arouse inquiry. Bergmann was cradled in beauty, but beauty nestling amid hobgoblins and near the Shadow of Death. The river Prosna flows through Wieruszow, bisecting it so that one part of the city is in Poland and the other in Germany. The bridge spanning the river is guarded at either end, but by troops jealous and full of suspicion; quick to insult and ready to fight. These watchful enemies guarding the river, which is the frontier dividing the countries, must have sadly reminded the sons of Jacob of their

bondage for, hating each other, these soldiers hated the Jews far more. To worshippers of images or pictures, the faith that abhors idolatry appeared naked, if not a form of atheism, while the pride of power tempted to insult and injure those who could only suffer and hate. Hate back they did, their passionate abhorrence of apostate Christianity and worldly religion being natural enough and, perhaps, not wholly wrong.

Mr. Bergmann's ancestors had come with many other Jews from Germany, where, in the Middle Ages, a considerable colony was nourished. These, expelled by the Empire, found shelter in Poland, where they were allowed to live and suffered to believe as they might. Whatever the faults of the Polish kingdom, and they were flagrant and many, it must ever be remembered that they were kind to Israel, and when, with insolent cruelty, Russia and Austria seized upon the dominions of their weaker neighbour, the Jews soon realized the difference in their change of masters. Austria has always been the slave of the Papacy and cruel to the saints of God, from nature as well as from supposed self-interest. The misfortunes of that Empire surely are of the nature of a judgement. Austria, as guilty as Spain, will assuredly follow its accomplice down the slippery path to ruin. Russia is still savage and, perhaps, its brutality may be excused on the plea of ignorance. However, it came to pass by the act of partition numbers of Jews exchanged the easy rule of the Poles for the brutality of the Russians, and, surrounded on every side by heathenism barely disguised, became more and more fierce in their dislike for what they supposed to be Christianity, and in their hold of the faith endeared by the prayers, tears and sufferings of their fathers

and still dilating their souls with hopes refreshing and strong.

Here then, in Wieruszow, in an atmosphere heavy with prejudice and stifling dreads, the child first cried, but it was on a distant shore that he learned the cry that saves. The advent of a child provokes in a home love that is touched by hallowing mystery, the mother heart is apt to wonder and quick to know. Even a Jewish home nestling amid enemies realized the sacramental value of a baby, and with jealous care made ready for its safety. Knowing enough of the facts of life, and ignorant of the New Testament and its comforting revelation, the parents believed themselves surrounded by spirits of evil. Hence the walls of the chamber were marked with circles drawn in chalk; charms were suspended from the bed posts; over the window, door and fireplace papers were affixed, papers that were supposed to be powerful against evil spirits. Upon these papers were written the names of angels, or what was said to be their names, and also the 121st Psalm, all in the sacred Hebrew tongue. These precautions were necessary, because it was said that Lilith, a wife of Adam and still alive, was supposed to weaken infants even when unable to destroy them. A deep and intense conviction of the presence and power of wicked demons hating men and seeking their harm was as potent as was a childish trust in simple charms. Thus, a learned Rabbi found that his clothes were worn and his legs bruised by the kicks of these unseen foes. It was said that if cinders were strewn upon the bed over night, in the morning traces of demon feet could be found upon them. No less than 300 tribes or families of male demons rendered life a peril, and these had female helpers. Lilith, it was sup-

posed, had power to injure males for eight days, while girl babies were in danger for twenty days. Should a child laugh in its sleep Jewish mothers were taught that the smile was caused by Lilith, who was playing with the infant preparatory to taking it away. Take it she would, unless forthwith the baby be sharply awakened and the troubler told, " Go, cursed Lilith, for thy abode is not here." Those hapless infants unguarded by charms were slain by her, a golden hair tied round the neck testifying by whom and how the death was caused.

This haunting fear of demons degraded piety and embittered days that should have been glad. A lad, it is said, asserted that, late one Saturday night, one of the demons that then pranced about the streets purchased a roll of cloth at his father's shop and paid good money for it. Alas, on the following morning the money had changed into coal, and the cloth still lay upon the counter! It was even believed that a pious man, while passing a ruined castle, was invited by capering spirits to come and dance with them. He forthwith took hold of the fringes, and repeating Deuteronomy vi. 4, " Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," escaped from the snare!

The exorcism of these demons, and the counteracting and frustrating of their knavish tricks, formed the remunerative employment of learned Rabbis, who must sometimes have smiled at the follies that brought them gain.

However, the Bergmanns complied with custom, for some people cannot be singular, and all like to do as others. Thus superstition becomes custom, and customs making character decide a destiny. Hence the fortification of the chamber, and hence also the fact that ten men were employed to pray

in the synagogue varying their devotions by reading various Psalms. In all this there is a fine meaning, for, indeed, every soul is in dire peril, only some do not realize their danger. The Divine Keeping is the only real safeguard, and perhaps that was sought, though in a way strange and perverse. Certain it is that by mercy the child was born—born because he was needed. Then every evening for seven days many little boys were brought into the chamber where lay the mother and her child for the purpose of repeating Psalms and selections from the writings of Moses, and offering prayers. In return for thus combatting the haunting spirits the children were rewarded with sweets and other dainties, while their leader, an assistant-teacher, received his recompense in the form of money.

So far well, but the seventh night darkened, and was supposed to be a season of special peril. Ten learned men, therefore, met in the house and all through the long hours until dawn read in the Talmud and offered prayers, thus guarding both mother and infant from the unseen enemies lurking and eager to injure the seed of Abraham. But in vain these furies raged, for the child lived through the darkness and, in gratitude for this deliverance, on the following day the family attended the synagogue lighted as it was with many candles. A double chair, with costly coverings and rich cushions, was placed near the chest wherein the Book of the Law was deposited. For the law was regarded in Wieruszow as a real force, able to defend and powerful to help. The circumciser, distinguished by the very long and sharp thumbnails that adorned his hands, sang several hymns in the Hebrew tongue. This done, the infant was received at the door of the synagogue with shouts of, " Baruch

Hatba," "Blessed is he that cometh," a double reference being intended both to the privilege of the boy and the fact that Elijah was an unseen witness of the deed. The prophet of fire was believed to accompany the child and even to occupy one seat of the double chair, so great is still his zeal for the due fulfilment of the law. The infant placed on the chair, already the prophet's throne, the circumciser shouted, "This is the chair of the prophet Elijah, the Angel of the Covenant; behold it is set for thee; stand at my right hand and help me." After the actual operation the congregation prayed thus: "As he is introduced into the Covenant, so may he be included into the law, the precepts, the nuptial canopy and good works."

A banquet crowned the joy of this obedience to ancient requirements, the faith of the parents being accepted for their offspring now in the line of blessing. For evermore the act of submission even to a scarcely understood Divine appointment brings peace which is the passive form of delight; a truth recognized by Wendell Holmes, who in an album wrote:

> I slept, and dreamed this life was beauty;
> I waked to find that life was duty.
> Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
> Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
> And thou shalt find thy dream to be
> Noonday and light and life to thee.

With the Hebrews, on the 31st day of a child's life came the redemption of the firstborn. In this case there was an elder brother, but the ceremonies are so interesting that they may be here described. When the firstborn son had reached the 31st day of his earthly life, the father placed him on a table before a priest with the words, "My wife, who is an Israelite, has brought

me a firstborn, but our law, which was given us by God through Moses (Blessed be his memory), assigns him to thee." To this the priest replied by asking, " Do you surrender your son to me ? " " No." " Do you then wish to redeem him ? " demanded the Cohen. " Yes," answered the father, at the same time producing five shekels, equal to 9*s.* 4*d.* of our money. Taking the money, the Cohen or priest placed it upon the head of the infant, saying, " This son being a firstborn the blessed God hath commanded us to redeem him, as it is said, 'And those that are redeemed from a month old thou shalt redeem them, according to thine estimation, for the money of five shekels after the shekel of the sanctuary, which is twenty Gerahs' (Num. xviii. 16). Whilst thou wast in thy mother's womb thou wast in the power of thy Father who is in heaven, and in the power of thy parents ; but now thou art in my power, for I am a priest. But thy father and mother are desirous to redeem thee, for thou art a sanctified firstborn (Exod. xiii. 2)." Then addressing the father, the Cohen declared, " I have received these five shekels for the redemption of this thy son, and behold he is therewith redeemed according to the law of Moses and of Israel." Thus with Israel religion was long ago inextricably interwoven with daily life and a strand of delight ran along the thread, a red line always visible and intended to be significant. So should it be with us who have the blessing of a nobler covenant and a fuller love ; He who died for our sins should animate, regulate and enliven even the mean details of the common life. Then only is the joy of the Lord our strength, and walking with God possible. Such as enjoy the love-regulated life know with intense satisfaction that,

With God there is no great nor small;
Save as we yield Him part or all;
All that we are His claim demands—
Spirit and brain and heart and hands;
Then, be our lot however poor,
Each dawn is as a welcome door,
Each humblest act the wondrous key
Of infinite opportunity.

All unconscious of this the infant lived on, his daily life a series of lessons to the eyes that saw minute beauties unfold and felt the ties of love strengthen and multiply. Thus are parents educated, the responsibility being sheathed in joy, the purest known to man. But these were sacred times only enjoyed by those who understand them, and only understood by personal experience. All too quickly the happy hours passed, for pleasure is evanescent, and cloudy days are needful for the nurture of good. The child was but twelve months' old when his father died, thus early did the frost touch the bud, setting the blossom but checking its growth. It, at the moment, appeared a terrible calamity, as trouble does until our eyes are opened and then it is rainbowed on our sky. Who knows what hindrances were removed when that father died, what helps given as compensations? Certainly the father would not have understood his son's mission, perhaps have rendered it impossible. After all, God knows best, and death and denials are part of His unseen plan. The father died and was buried with the pathetic ceremonies that mark the hope, strong even in grief, that has supported Israel through long centuries of oppression, exile and woe. Immediately after death the body was stripped and laid upon the floor, a pillow beneath the head and clean straw below the body and a sheet above it, while lighted candles guarded the head. Then

the corpse, placed in a standing position, received three ablutions of warm water, the while passages were recited from the book of God. Then clothed in white the body, adorned with the Talith, a square garment with fringes worn at the Synagogue during prayer, was borne to the burial ground. Seven pauses were made in the course of the journey; during the halt prayers were repeated. At the grave relatives holding the great toes entreated the dead man's pardon for all the offences they had committed against him. Then, after the grave had been filled, all hastened away for fear they should hear the angel knocking and asking the pasuk of the deceased. This pasuk is a verse of Scripture associated with the personal name. Every day a pious Jew repeats his pasuk, so that he may be ready for the angel's inquiry. Should the dead man be unable to answer, the angel, it was said, will break his bones by severe blows! So mingled is piety with an alloy wholly valueless. Then plucking grass they go and leave him, the plucked grass being a symbol of their belief in personal immortality.

Thus deprived of the earthly support and guidance of his father the child, quiet after the manner of his submissive race, grew up his mother's joy and educator. With her the plastic years were spent until six summers had smiled and vanished, and then she too took her departure to the land of life, leaving her little son alone in the cold world just when, humanly speaking, he most required her love and had come to appreciate it. The affection lavished on the cradle is too mutely accepted, perhaps unconsciously given; the necessity to give it, or our own deprivation of it, reveals its value and uses. Missing her gentle touch, henceforth the doubly orphaned boy had no one from whose smile

he could learn the love of God, no one through whose sacrifice and incessant ministry the Divine could be realized and approached. Through a pious mother sanctifying influences operate most mightily; at her knee are learnt the lessons that abide through all the changing years. Long after her departure we discover whence she derived her charm and learn to love Him who gave her to us. Marcus thus missed one of the choicest of all the many ministries that make and mature men; but so was the decree, and of course what God takes leaves us none the poorer. Only dim recollections of that nurturing love float across his memory, but that shadowy mother is still a powerful force operating in his mind, for the dead are real to those who loved them and keep them in memory. To the little boy, at first, the departure of his mother was a loss, but one not adequately realized; childhood does not know how the mother love effaces itself, expending its spinal vigour in the incessant effort to bless and ward. But, perhaps, the mother knew, for who knows what visions cheer and comfort the dying? The end may appear in clear perspective, and in view of its splendour the intervening years and means be forgotten, hidden in the trails of the glory. To her all was well, but she left behind her troubled hearts and a little boy who cried for her in vain. For the first time the cry of "Mother" brought no response, and Marcus had to do without her, and thus came to love her more and more. Her prayers were doubtless offered for the three children she left on earth, and a mother's prayers are powerful beyond estimation. None of us know what we owe to our mothers, what our fathers owed; our children will also be unconscious of their obligation until they mother others. Leaving behind

those to whom she appeared indispensable, Mrs. Bergmann went with the angels and her home was broken up, a most pathetic experience. To make a home calls forth all the energies, but alas, when the nest is torn up and the nestlings flung out into the cold, desolate world; yet such bewildering experiences are appointed, indeed predominate, among the all things that work together for good to them who are called to call others to God. The elder son had long before left home; he had built up a large business in Lüben, a town near Breslau. In him the commercial instinct of his race asserted itself and found appropriate expression. This, however, was no comfort to Marcus; a brother's prosperity is not always a help, sometimes it is more of a hindrance than appears. The only girl of the family was taken by a relative, the Chief Rabbi of Breslau. Thus, about fifty miles separated the motherless boy from the kindred he loved.

Silesia, the home of the sister, is a south-eastern district of Germany watered by the upper course of the river Oder, and bordering on the dominions of Austria, to which it once belonged. Frederick, sometimes called the Great, in battle wrenched it from Austria; the province alas, has been the scene of many a sanguinary struggle and suffered all the horrors of war. A region of fertile fields, bleaching grounds, manufactures and mines, it abounds in beautiful scenery—when there is peace. Breslau, centrally placed, ranks next to Berlin in the number of its citizens. It is a great market for corn, metals and linen, while the wool fair is the largest on the continent. It boasts of a University, founded in 1702, and has a church with the loftiest spire in Prussia. In one of the principal squares is a colossal statue to Blucher.

Here, then, the motherless girl grew up among strangers ; so does death break up the circle formed by love, scattering with a rude hand the seed of many a harvest. Those akin by blood are often separated by circumstances, thus missing the useful attrition and polish obtained by contact in a home. The sovereign will that assigns to each life its peculiar mission, apportioning its joys and limiting its sorrows, takes all into account, and at the heart of things God rules, masking a decree at once wise and opportune by what appears disappointment. Rightly viewed, affliction is a form of love—the passive perhaps, but not powerless. John Addington Symonds commences his history of avalanches thus : " In the long run we really love the sternest things of life best " ; yes, but only after a long run. Let us be assured that whatever timidity or ignorance may hint or suggest,

God never would send you the darkness,
If He felt you could bear the light ;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand,
If the way were always bright,
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

So He sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of sevenfold heat.
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet :
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Little Marcus, left alone with his uncle, perhaps acquired a detachment from clinging cares and entanglements, and thus really gained by loss, because of the compensations that flow only when the ebbing tide has left the sands dry and desolate.

He was a chosen vessel, a boy born to bless, and before any life becomes medicinal or tonic it must learn the miss and strain, the peril and denial involved in bereavement and trial. The pensive yearnings, the puzzled questionings, the sense of desolation and of being driven in on oneself, are disciplinary; and these the child endured. The touch of trouble added fixed his other gifts, imparting a charm and vigour and piquancy that doubled their force, and thus the orphan lived alone in the house of his uncle.

The spider walks with wit and will,
  She frames her wheel and she is sped;
But 'tis the dew's gift, not her skill,
  That hangs with diamonds every thread.

With pains and patience we no less
  Shape out our lives; and yet allow
That all our brightest happiness
  Is sent from heaven, we know not how.

There are men who bless God every day for their early hardships, which challenged their manhood and brought out the best that was in them. Let your boys win their spurs.

REV. DAVID SMITH.

THE ROSES OF JESUS

The stories of the childhood of Jesus not in the New Testament are almost all very silly inventions ; but an old Latin hymn tells one which is really just a beautiful picture of the love-sacrifice of Calvary :—

"The young child Jesus had a garden,
Full of roses rare and red ;
And every day He watered them,
To make a garland for His head.

"When they were full blown in the garden,
He called the Jewish children there ;
And each did pluck himself a rose
Until they stripped the garden bare.

"'And now, how will you make a garland ?
For not a rose your path adorns.'
'But you forget,' He answered them,
'That you have left Me still the thorns.

"He took the thorns and made a garland,
And put it on His lovely head,
And where the roses should have been
Were little drops of blood instead."

LEARNING LIBERTY IN THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE

Till God to thee hath spoken, O let thy words be few,
In stillness all unbroken the Temple building grew.

The best things are not granted where busy voices throng,
And nature's grandest forces in quietness are strong.

Real action is in silent moments.

Much of life is only fragments—unfinished things, broken sentences, interrupted efforts, pictures left uncompleted, sculptures only half hewn, letters only partly written, songs only begun and choked in tears.

J. R. Miller.

It is not what is done, but what is not done, that is of most importance. Not what a man says, but what he does not say has the greatest influence.

Bishop Creighton.

CHAPTER II

Learning Liberty in the House of Bondage

Men's life's a book of history,
  And leaves thereof are days;
The letters mercies closely joined,
  The title is God's praise.
This day God was my sun and shield,
  My Keeper and my Guide:
His care was on my frailty shown,
  His mercies multiplied.

The Ghetto . . . a world which hides beneath its stony and unlovely surface an inner world of dreams fantastic and poetic as the mirage of the Orient where they were woven, of superstitions grotesque as the cathedral gargoyles of the Dark Ages in which they had birth.

Children of the Ghetto.

MARCUS was trained in an atmosphere of Pharisaism, for his uncle, like his father, was of the sect of the Chasidim. Chasidaism originated a little earlier in point of time than the Methodist Revival, which it resembled both in aim and method. In spite of continued opposition and ridicule, perhaps a little in consequence of them, it has taken deep root among the Eastern dispersion. It is supposed that in the Sclavonic countries and throughout the purple East it possesses more than a million adherents.

Its originator, Rabbi Israel Baalshem (or Besht,

as he is generally termed), was a native of Flussty in Russian Poland. Intense and studious, he is supposed to have acquired the power of working miracles, and certainly displayed a moral force and reforming influence only manifested by strong and pure natures. Besht voiced the dumb feeling of many; in him what other men thought found adequate expression. His teachings represented the revolt of the intellect against the tyranny of ecclesiastical tradition, a yoke at once crushing and degrading, as well as a protest against the mercenary and futile pursuits of so many of his tribe and race. He could not believe that men must for ever chew chopped straw in hope of obtaining bread, or spend their days in making bargains interspersed with ritualistic freaks. Thus he was at once a new moral force and an iconoclast. Two leading ideas dominated all his thinking, and these became the basal truths upon which he built his theology. The study of the Talmud he credited with sharpening the wits of his nation, making them acute disputants about trifles, keen at hairsplitting but narrow and pedantic, acute at a fearful price. Wrangling he considered had become almost a duty in Israel; scrupulosity had assumed the authority of a sacrament. The gentle qualities that go to make up spirituality had dwindled if they had not wholly disappeared; instead of the fullness of rectitude, the Jews were puffed up with gaseous trifles and mephitic vapours. Thus they taught that Adam was composed of the dust of all the earth, and this opinion was sustained by the fact that God is said to see all man's unformed substance, and also beholds all the world! Adam was asserted to have been as high as the heavens, because one psalm makes a sufferer complain, "Thou hast laid thine hand

upon me!" The fact that Moses cried unto the Lord was held to prove that the frogs made a fearful noise! That the heavens were made before the earth was proved by the fact that the former is called the throne and the latter the footstool, and a footstool of course is made after the throne! Such whipping up of eggshell and gravel pleases some, but depraves and defiles other and nobler minds. Besht even asserted that the study of Talmud was too mean an employment of time for such a race, that men were never intended to worry out the question as to whether wearing a false tooth or walking by the aid of a wooden leg constituted work, and hence broke the Sabbath law. Imagine an adult member of the race that produced the Psalms or Isaiah wrangling about such academic follies as this: A dog snatched a cake from the fire where it was baking and dropping some hot coals set fire to a barn. The point in dispute was as to whether the owner of the dog or the owner of the cake should pay the damage; and in discussing such trifles long hours were wasted. Had he merely protested against this waste of time and words, Besht would have done well, but he argued that if these Talmudic studies were mean, much more so was science, as if the soap bubbles blown by dreamers were comparable with the deeds and works of infinite wisdom and skill.

This ascetic temper had a positive aspect; it was definitely asserted that the service of God must consist in fervent devotion, in concentrating all the faculties in abstract and intense contemplation of the Divine Attributes. In this belief it resembled the monks of Mount Athos, who taught that through prayer and meditation men may attain to perfect tranquillity, untouched by earthly excitement, doubt

or fear; nay, that so perfect may be this peace that they may with mortal eyes gaze on God. These dreamers were nicknamed Umbilicani or navel saints, from their alleged habit of gazing at the pit of the stomach while pursuing truth by meditation. Says Inge (*Studies of Old English Mystics*): "Revelation is the unveiling of some Divine Truth which we could not have discovered for ourselves, but which, when it was shown to us by others to whom God has spoken, we can recognize as Divine. There can be no Revelation which is purely external; such a communication would be partly unnoticed and partly misunderstood. There must be the answering witness of the Spirit within us that this is the voice of God; but that voice comes to us first from without through the mouth of those whom God has honoured by making them His spokesmen. A mystery in the New Testament is always something which has been revealed, but in this manner . . .

"It is therefore necessary for us who are neither saints nor prophets to sit at the feet of those who have seen the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. . . The perfect Christian would cultivate and consecrate heart, intellect, imagination and practical energy in a harmonious manner, and would be brought to God by all parts of his nature acting together."

"It is therefore most important that we should recognize the sacramental value of mere right action, even of the most commonplace kind; not, of course, that the action itself has this value; it is valuable, because it is the expression of our habitual view of things and events, and men and ourselves. Our habitual point of view is fatally incomplete, unless it finds expression in habitual action."

Thus there was an element of truth, but a wide-

spread error in the teaching, and both elements made it popular. A pure truth offends, a falsehood undiluted repels; both in blend please the palate and amuse the mind. Besht required not so much right conduct, but correct feelings; he expected his disciples to live in uninterrupted communion with the Unseen. This state he said, could be acquired as an habitual experience by denying all worldly pleasures, that is sometimes, while with others a religious and proper enjoyment of comforts or even luxuries will secure the same end. Thus the devout life was attainable both by asceticism and moderate indulgence in pleasure, an assertion at once amazing and popular. In short, whatever diverts the mind, and turns it away from sin or worldliness, whatever brings spiritual realities vividly before the imagination should be followed, whatever tradition or custom said or denied. Thus the system was a blend of opposite principles and, perhaps, therefore the more contagious. These fancies appear at varying intervals in the history of religious thought, for the mind of man revives old dreams and worships them as new. They arise from a perversion of a right principle or rather from the uncontrolled action of that which should be kept well under rule. "Mysticism," says Granger, in *The Soul of a Christian*, "is that attitude of mind which divines and moves toward the spiritual in the common things of life, not by a partial occasional operation of the mind, but under the guidance of far-fetched analogies." Mysticism, therefore, was one ingredient, and the others were from many a larder.

The sect that sprang from the teachings of this man held and still holds that purity and holiness, and not book learning, is the great requisite for

obtaining a high spiritual life. Then they proceeded to assert that the Holy Spirit operates still in the earth, but chiefly through selected men known as Zadikim, or righteous men, and that these are endowed by Him with miraculous gifts and thus are peculiarly qualified to be mediators between God and their believing disciples. Thus, in stripping away the follies of Talmudism, they constituted a system of mediators and irregular miraculous interference gratifying to human pride but fatal to true religion.

The Scriptures, although accepted, the Chasidim interpreted according to the spirit rather than the letter, seeking mystic meanings where none existed. The right of private judgement thus became the parent of interpretations fanciful and untrue. In practice, the disciples put implicit faith in the Zadikim, blindly accepting his teachings, their instinct of subjection being as forceful as their independence. It was claimed that these zealots combined seven characters of ancient Pharisaism, and were more excellent than all. Thus the Chasidim was one who, like Shechem, submitted to ordinances for the purpose of securing an advantage; (2) the fervent in prayer, who knocks his head against a wall, as well as the humble soul who strikes his feet against the stones because he will not lift his eyes; (3) he who shuts his eyes when walking abroad and hurts himself, so that blood flows, for fear he should happen to see a woman; (4) a singular oddity who wears a hat shaped like a mortar and generally refuses to meet any one not of his own sect; (5) the man who is continually inquiring, "Is there anything that I have not done?"; (6) he who from fear of punishment avoids evil; (7) he who does duty simply out of love. Such was

the sect to which Marcus appeared to be committed, and perhaps the serious spirituality evident in all his doings may be traced to influences that originated while he was thus under Chasidim teaching. Character is a product of many and diverse forces, and the world's workers are educated in schools varied and peculiar. The by-ways of life suggest, and the highways infuse, lessons valuable in their proportion and season, and he who surrenders himself to the Divine Spirit will be made wise without books, and learn by what he appears to lose. Among the potent influences that touched his spirit like an atmosphere, Marcus Bergmann places the sect to which his father and uncle belonged; it helped to make him so that he was able to make others by imparting to them what he had received from many a spring. Happily in God's good time, Marcus came under the benignant sway of truths that the Chasidim did not know, but doubtless growth in the Divine life is by imperceptible uplifts and through conditions that contrast but interact through channels unseen.

Woolf Bergmann, the uncle who took charge of the pensive orphan, was also a Chasidim, and so well qualified to train one who was to be sent to the lost sheep of the House of Israel. But he was hard and unable to understand the gentle clinging lad, who with great dreamy eyes was thinking ever of the mother lost, and of the future all unknown. The intimation of coming usefulness, that prophetic instinct striving in those called to high service moved in the child's breast, but he had no one to whom he dared tell of its flutterings. He learned to be silent, communing with his own heart and gathering strength from the self-communion which often leads to a nobler fellowship. Children learn

רומים י

י קאפיטעל

1 בְּרִידֶער. עֶם אִיז דֶער וּוּנְש פּוּן מֵיין הֶערְץ, אוּנְד
מֵיין גֶעבֶעט צוּ נָאטָט פָּאר יִשְׂרָאֵל, אַז זֵיא וָאלֶען
2 גֶעהָאלְפֶען וֶערֶן: וָארִין אִיךְ זָאג זֵיא עֶדוּת אַז זֵיא
זֵיֶנען אֵיפְרִיג פַּאר נָאטָט, אָבֶּער נִיט מִיט וִיסֶּענ-
3 שַׁאפְט: וָארִין וַוייל זֵיא קֶענֶען נִיט דִיא גֶערֶעכְטִיג-
קֵייט פּוּן נָאטָט, אוּנְד זוּכֶען אוֹיפְצוּרִיכְטֶען זֵייֶע
יגענֶע גֶערֶעכְטִיגְקֵייט, אוּנְד זֵיא זֵיֶנען נִיט אוּנְטֶערטָעניג
4 צוּר גֶערֶעכְטִיגְקֵייט פּוּן נָאטָט: וָארִין מָשִׁיחַ אִיז
דַאם עֶנְד פּוּן דֶעם נֵיזֶעץ, צוּר גֶערֶעכְטִיגְקֵייט צוּ
5 אִיטְלִיכֶען וָאם גְלֵייבְט: וָארִין מֹשֶׁה שְׂרֵייבְט פּוּן
דֶער גֶערֶעכְטִיגְקֵייט וָאם אִיז פּוּן דֶעם גֶעזֶעץ, אַז דֶער
6 מֶענְש וָאם טְהוּט דָאם וֶועט דָרִינֶען לֶעבֶּן: אָבֶּער
דִיא גֶערֶעכְטִיגְקֵייט פּוּן דֶעם גְלוֹיבֶּן שְׁפְּרִיכְט אַזוי,
נָאג נִיט אִין דֵיין הַארְץ, וֶוער וֶועט אַרוֹיפְגֵיין אִין
הִימֶעל אַרֵיין? דָאם אִיז, אוּם מָשִׁיחַ אַראָב צוּבְרִינְגֶען:
7 אָדֶער וֶוער וֶועט אַראָב גִיין אִין דֶער טִיפֶּענִיש אַרֵיין?
דָאם אִיז, אוּם מָשִׁיחַ פּוּן דִיא טוֹיטֶען צוּ בְּרִינְגֶען:
8 אָבֶּער וָאם זָאגְט עֶם? דָאם וָארְט אִיז נָאהֶנט צוּ
דִיר, אִין דֵיין מוּיל אוּנְד אִין דֵיין הַארְץ, דָאם אִיז
9 דָאם וָארְט פּוּן גְלוֹיבֶּן וָאם וִיר פְּרֶעדִיגֶען: אַז
וֶוען דוּא וֶועסְט בֶּעקֶענֶען מִיט דֵיין מוּיל דֶעם הַאר
יֵשׁוּעַ, אוּנְד וֶועסְט גְלֵייבֶּן אִין דֵיין הַארְץ אַז נָאטָט
הַאט אִיהֶם אוֹיפְגֶעוֶועקְט פּוּן דֶעם טוֹיט, וֶועסְט דוּא
10 גָערֶעטָעט וֶערֶן: וָארִין מִיט דֶעם הַארְץ גְלוֹיבְט מֶען
צוּר גֶערֶעכְטִיגְקֵייט, אוּנְד מִיט דֶעם מוּיל בֶּעקֶענְט מֶען
11 צוּ זָעלִיגְקֵייט: וָארִין דִיא שְׂרִיפְט וָאגְט, אִיטְלִיכֶער
וואם

Romans x, 1–11, in Yiddish.

by questions, and to answer their prophetic dreams and interpret and nourish their budding instincts is the delight of mothers, yet there is learning strong because silent, and fed from secret springs. Little Marcus found it wise to be silent, and silent he was. A world of significance attaches to an incident of his early childhood, in which both his own inquiring mind and the Rabbinical intolerance appear. He writes—

" When I was but a little boy an incident occurred which I shall never forget. It was on a Sunday morning when, coming home from the ' Stiebel ' (the assembly or prayer-room of the Chasidim) to my uncle in great excitement, I asked him how it was that though we did not believe in the Crucified One, yet in the Psalm for the day (Psa. xxiv.) we find the words יהוה עזוז (*Jehovah Ezuz*) [1] side by side. *Jehovah*, I knew, was the LORD—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob ; but I did not know that the word *Ezuz* meant ' strong ' ; I thought from the sound that it signified *Jesus* whom the Gentiles believe in and worship as their God. My uncle's only answer to this was a box on the ear which has made me deaf in the left ear to this day ; but the word ' *Ezuz* ' was from that time never out of my mind."

Such treatment may not affect some boys who, indeed, appear to thrive upon beating ; Sir John Lawrence once said that he was educated by kicks ; but with a gentle lad the method is fatal. The instincts repressed and wounded, smart and ache,

[1] " Who is the King of glory ? JEHOVAH strong and mighty "

מי זה מלך הכבוד יהוה עזוז וגבור.

Psa. xxiv. 8.

and the heart driven back upon itself is apt to misjudge and feel afraid. So it was with this child, and thus must all children suffer whose lives are not guarded by love.

His daily life was under an iron rule, for the young Jew, if devout, is always a slave both in mind and body. He is crushed into a mould ancient and invariable; some do not receive, and others do not retain the impression, but all feel the pain of the pressure. So zealous were the Rabbis that all should live well that they made existence a torture, torture all the more painful when the penance became habitual. On rising at daybreak Marcus was taught to pour water three times over his hands, saying as he did so, "Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah, our God, King of the Universe, who hath sanctified us with His commandments and commanded us to cleanse our hands." The ablution was not for sanitary but for ritual reasons. It was supposed that sleep being an emblem of death, and akin to it, uncleanness rests upon us at night. When we leave our beds this evaporates save from the hands where it adheres until cleansed away. Having thus purified himself the child, taking the fringes in his hand, fringes that were indicative of Israel's consecration, worshipped God and blessed His holy name. No true Jew will eat until he has said the morning prayers, a practice beautiful if the heart's expression, but painful if it be only the ritual prescribed by others. To place God first is wise, but the true homage is that of the heart, and cannot be prescribed or extorted. But with the pious Jew everything must be done according to rule; the Talmud becoming a directory and a source of comfort. It may, perhaps, be as well to give a few words of explanation about the

book that played so important a part in Marcus Bergmann's life. The Jews long boasted sets of customs which constituted their common law and became the invisible ruling factor of their domestic and national character. Tradition sanctified it by alleging that at Sinai Moses gave this oral law to Joshua, that it passed in succession from seer to prophet until it reached the men of the Great Synagogue, who saw the founding of the second temple. Two attempts were made to condense this floating tradition to order. Rabbi Yehudah (A.D. 190) reduced it to writing, dividing it into six heads. The counsels, authoritative and preceptive, called Mishna, formed the core of the Talmud; the Gemara or interpretations and commentaries on the Mishna completed the globe. The two parts were incorporated about 400 A.D., at Jerusalem, but at Babylon a rival Gemara was collected and accepted about 100 years later. Milman calls the Talmud "a monument of human industry, human intelligence and human folly." Perhaps a few illustrative extracts will best set forth its nature.

"Poverty becomes Israel, as a red leather trapping becomes a white horse."

"The phrase, Valley of the Shadow of Death, refers to the shadow cast by a tree in the moonlight, and is explained by the fact that demons lurk in such gloomy spots and are likely to injure or kill any who should incautiously sleep there."

"Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly," is interpreted to mean that the teeth of Og, King of Bashan, grew so fast and long that at length they were tangled among the rocks.

Ague may be cured thus: the patient must wait at a cross road until he sees an ant bearing its load. The ant and load must be placed in a brass tube

and sealed up, the patient saying, " O ant, my load be upon thee, and thy load upon me."

A peculiar disease of the brain, it is taught, may be cured by first softening the skull by ablutions and then lifting the bone, when an insect will be found which may be removed by tongs. But myrtle leaves must first be placed beneath its feet for fear it injures the brain !

During a time of famine, three guests were entertained at a house, and each received an egg. But pitying his hunger each man gave his egg to the small son of the host and the boy placed one in his mouth and held one in each hand. Whereupon his father smote the boy and killed him ; the child's mother fell from the roof in horror, and the host committed suicide. Hence it is shown to be wise to keep what is given you, and not right to appear over generous.

Some precepts are sagacious, others trifling, but together they constituted a yoke that compressed and repressed almost to crushing point all the inventive and enterprising faculties of the soul.

The Kabbalah is, however, regarded as even more sacred than the Talmud ; it appeals to the love of mystery that is dear to every breast. Its mystic secrets are seven in number, and are thus enumerated. (1) Out of nothing nothing can come ; hence there is no pure matter. (2) From this it follows that matter must be regarded as spiritual, as spiritual beings appear in the form of matter. (3) God is, therefore, by the agencies and emanations immanent in the world in which He manifests His attributes in manifold modifications. (4) The nearer the derivative essence is to God its source, the more it partakes of His holiness and perfection. (5) The nearest being to God, the medium through which

all other beings approach Him was the Adam Kadmon, that ancient Adam (not the old but the heavenly) who was the first begotten of God. (6) This Son of God manifested Himself in ten different degrees or ways called Sephiroth (Enumerations). (7) Though the world is spiritual, it is nevertheless in its relation to God as effect to cause and, therefore, to be carefully distinguished from one another.

This blend of mystic dreaming and philosophic guesses was at first a democratic revolt, but in practice it helped to fix firmer the bonds by which Judaism held its adherents fast; free they were to submit, but not to vary or neglect the traditions of the Elders.

Thus another element entered into the life of the child who, all unknowing what was before him, followed his guides into the thickets that revealed no path.

To feel a hand extended
By One who standeth near;
To view the love that shineth
In eyes serene and clear;
To know that God is calling—
This is to hear.

ALONE.

Into the woods my Master went
Clean forspent, forspent;
Into the woods my Master came
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER.

The Lord of the vineyard has His eye upon you if you are in the market-place waiting to be hired. You shall be as blessed through all eternity, though called late, as if you had been called in the early hours. In the final reckoning of accounts that shall be taken into consideration, and in the end and through all eternity the intention and desire to be employed in work shall be taken for the deed.

REV. T. E. WESTERDALE.

In English history those men have been the greatest who have acted in dependence on God.

REV. TREVOR H. DAVIES.

IN SCHOOLS BUT NOT LEARNING

The hands that do God's work are patient hands,
And quick for toil, though folded oft in prayer;
They do the unseen work they understand
And find—no matter where.

The feet that follow Him must be swift feet,
For time is all too short, the way too long;
Perchance they may be bruised, but falter not
For love shall make them strong.

"A false humility is about as bad as a false ambition; and it will be well for us, thinking as nearly as we please about ourselves, to cherish to the full the great promises and immortal hopes of Christianity."

CHAPTER III

In Schools but not Learning

God loveth thee, but not thy sin ;
He would'st thou should'st be pure and clean ;
That which defileth, cast away ;
Thy steps direct in wisdom's way.
Give Him thy heart and soul, and be
His own, because God loveth thee.

The mightiest occurrences of life and the world hinge and turn in many an instance on the simplest and least observed.

BAINTON.

I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartanlike as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms.

THOREAU.

ON the German side of the Prosna, about a mile from the frontier, is a beautiful large village known as Wilhelmsbrück and thither to an orthodox Jewish school Marcus went for German lessons. But language did not hold the first place in his mind ; his time and strength were mainly given to the study of the Talmud. A man's school is second in formative influence to his home, and hence the importance of understanding the school, for the purpose of understanding the man who was there a scholar. Tell me your schoolmaster and I

will understand what to expect from you, is a wise maxim and one to be observed. The school to which Marcus went, the only school to which a Jew boy could go, may be realized by studying the following description.

Imagine then a little room in a big house in a tiny street. This small apartment serves several uses. In it live the teacher (Melammed), his wife and children, together with the family goat. Thus instruction is illustrated by incidents and experiences distracting but important. As every Jew knows something of the Talmud, whatever else he knows, and can read in that sacred tongue, school keeping is popular with those who are incapable of learning or pursuing a trade. Why not ! To teach children appears so easy, but then it is only a teacher who can teach. In Wieruszow were many schools divided into two classes, those that were elementary, and these were by far the most numerous, and the higher Cheder. Both Cheder are alike in having but one class for all ages and both sexes. In the elementary Cheder there may be fifty or even 100 children, their ages varying from four to nine years. The higher Cheder is for boys alone, for at nine years of age a girl has acquired sufficient learning for practical life, or is needed for other duties. In these higher schools there are seldom more than ten, often only five pupils, and these remain at school until they are married, which important factor in education is usually fixed when the student has attained the age of sixteen years.

The higher Cheder have but one teacher, while the elementary have two or more, the assistant being known as Belfer, a contraction of Behelfer. The labours of the one instructor of the elder youth

are considerable, for he is supposed to teach not only throughout the day but also far into the hours usually devoted to sleep.

In the lower school there is less of this form of severity, but then what the boy misses of prolonged tuition he receives in severe beating. Hebrew reading and the translation of a small section of the Sabbath portion of the Pentateuch is the study of the lower school; the higher is occupied with the Talmud. Alas, Jewish belief in Wieruszow holds that soap is unclean and hence esteems it not only as needless but as evil!

The Belfer, or assistant, is expected to gather the scholars as well as to teach them. In some houses he washes and dresses the boy and utters a short prayer with him. Then the lad, carrying his day's allowance of food, accompanies the Belfer to the house of another pupil. While the second scholar is being prepared, the first eats his breakfast, and thus the growing company proceeds from house to house until the full number is secured. Then the drove is hurried forward to the Cheder, the Belfer helping himself the while to such portions of food as he desires, and hastening the pace by kicking the slow or weak children. Now they reach the Cheder and enter the tiny room. Some children are placed on the forms that run round the four walls, and there they rest until their turn comes. The others while under instruction sit upon the floor, which is not boarded. In the middle of the room sits the teacher and his helper, each armed with a long cane. The master utters a sentence in jargon and the class repeats it after him. Should some timid child fail to open its mouth sufficiently, that mouth is opened roughly with the aid of a wedge of wood. Should the culprit cry when thus pun-

ished he receives chastisement ; if he does not cry he receives more stripes.

Class after class is called to stand before the teacher, the scholars after their release being sent to the forms ranged round the walls or allowed to play before the door of the Cheder. Thus right from dawn until the rise of the evening star the children are kept in bondage, being beaten or kicked for the smallest offence and at times for no other reason than that the Belfer feels cruel. No wonder that night brings dreary visions, for the scholars dream of beating, suffering real tortures when they should be at rest.

The birth of a child, whatever it means to the community, brings gladness to the school. The scholars, when lessons are done, go to the house made glad by the little stranger. There they are solemnly received and, after a ceremonial washing of hands, repeat prayers for mother and child and sing in chorus a hymn which says that the Angels who in heaven praise God surround the baby and will protect it day and night. For this service the boys receive gingerbread varied by hard-boiled peas, but alas for them, these gifts are seldom enjoyed by the recipients, for the Belfer generally robs them when they are in the street. Should any boy desire to retain the gingerbread and peas the Belfer takes what he wants with violence.

Little girls are, as is natural with Jews, treated more mildly, but the boys have a hard life. They are afraid to complain about the treatment they receive ; indeed it is useless, for even mothers regard the whipping as needful. Said one to her son, " The punishment in school is bitter, wholesome medicine, and if your teacher, a pious man, does hurt you, all is for your good. If you desire to be pious never complain of your teacher."

One comfort, if comfort it is, is that the Belfer himself is frequently beaten by his superior and that before the scholars.

Use blunts the sympathies, and yet the relation between Melammed and scholars is generally regarded as paternal. The Melammed may use the cane or strap, but he takes a sincere interest in his boys, arranges their weddings, visits them while sick, relieves them when poor, interferes when matrimonial differences trouble the home, and yet he flogs with zeal worthy of a better cause.

In the higher Cheder there is no Belfer and no leathern thong. Students who attend this kind of school go home to meals, they are trusted to go and return without escort; in fact are treated like rational beings. Of his schoolmaster one wrote: "As a teacher he was truly pitiless—sometimes indeed terrible; but as a man he evinced the tenderest feelings and noblest emotions of which the heart is capable. This might especially be seen of a Friday, when the weekly market was held in the little town and the peasants from the surrounding country came in to sell their produce to obtain necessaries with their gains. Here, ducks and geese were part of their merchandise, and these were brought a distance of twenty miles in the baskets, carried all night on the backs of the peasants. It was no other than my good Melammed (teacher) who concerned himself for the poor fowl which had travelled a whole night long in uncomfortable baskets and perhaps had not been fed for twenty-four hours. He cared for them throughout the week, collecting the crumbs which fell from his table in a little bag which he kept expressly for this purpose. As soon as Friday came he went, this bag in hand, to the market place among the baskets of fowls and threw

a handful of crumbs to those fowls who seemed to him the most hungry."

This was the man who delighted in using a long cane. The contradictions involved in such a character are wholly inexplicable, but they are not seen either by the pupils or teacher. Of this Melammed says a scholar, "Whenever the Melammed had to go a distance, whether to make peace in some matrimonial jar or to feed the fowl in some market, he left us some exercise to do under the supervision of his wife, the Rebetzin. This wife was remarkable. In Poland, whenever an epidemic of cholera comes, a couple are married in the graveyard as a sure cure. The poorest girl orphan, to whom the community is parent, is married to another orphan. In this case the girl was plain as well as poor, but she was married and, her spouse being incapable, was allowed to set up a Cheder." Every Jew is required to marry, and after he has assumed this solemn obligation he is required to study; perhaps is supposed to be then fitter to learn.

In one school the cradle, suspended by ropes, is rocked by a looped rope into which the Melammed inserts his foot, his hand being fully occupied by the long cane reaching to the farthest corner of the apartment. The seats provided for the scholars have no backs, but the cradle and huge lamp suspended in the centre afford some protection from the cruel blows.

The walls of the Cheder are not clean; whitewashed long ago, they are now stained grey and yellow with patches of other colours. The ceiling is low and appears to be falling; so decided is the bulge.

The smoke hangs in heavy wreaths, darkening the not too light room. And to afford variety in

winter time the goat is stalled and milked beside the cradle, the animal feeding on dried potato peelings and the like. Yet so eager is the teacher to inculcate wisdom that whoever laughs or cries receives striking proofs of attention such as effectually removes all desire to laugh again. " The Melammed did not lack in hearty good will to break every bone in his pupil's body for the very least transgression, so terrible could the same man show himself to the children of the Cheder, who so took to heart the woes of the feathered fowl of the market place."

Of this same teacher it is related that—being asked out to tea by a lady who desired thus to save her boy from the cane—he did not appear to relish his tea. The hostess observing his absorption said, " Rabbi, if your tea is not sweet enough, stir it a little with the spoon." The great man complied with the request and his face testified his satisfaction. So pleased was he that he forthwith purchased a spoon for his own use. But it came to pass that at school he attacked the pupil whose mother had entertained him, saying, " You and your mother have certainly had the laugh of me." The boy gazed at the cane with astonishment mingled with fear. " I bought myself a little spoon," explained the Melammed, " I bought myself a little spoon and have stirred the tea often, but it never gets sweet." " Did you put any sugar in it ? " asked the boy. With a glance expressing his unspeakable contempt, the Rabbi answered, " You fool, if I put sugar in I do not need a teaspoon." Of course not, but surely we have heard of teachers who suppose that a spoon alone will sweeten the tea. Do not forget the sugar and then the spoon will be useful ; remember the Gospel is an Essential, and method

and plan will not take its place; put plenty of sugar in the tea and remember that the best teaspoon is only a teaspoon and no more.

In this case the lady sent a present of sugar to the schoolmaster and he forthwith devoted his teaspoon to the work of cleaning out his pipe.

The studies of the Cheder may be understood from the following themes selected for discussion there.

It is asked whether a Nazarite under vow might fasten up a cow which has strayed from its owner; under what conditions the Hermaphrodite should inherit as a son and when as a daughter; the claims to be made for a young woman who has fallen over a stumblingblock but without receiving injury. Or it may be asked, If an ox gore a cow and the calf is stillborn is the ox the cause of the loss? The science of Scripture exegesis may be understood when we say that the tears of Joseph and his brethren, when they met after their long separation, were caused by a prophetic knowledge of the destruction of the Tabernacle at Shiloh and the Temple at Jerusalem and not by the mutual recognition.

Should such themes fail to excite enthusiasm and the pupil fall asleep or be absent-minded, a nip of the cane and a few cuts are freely given. One pupil who habitually fell asleep when the Talmud was read could not be cured by whipping, so his mother took him to a Zadikim. This saint for seven long years had smoked with relish a pipe, the reed of which had not been bored through. This sage gave the drowsy scholar an amulet to be worn in his cap so that the roll came over the forehead. It proved a success, for the Melammed who favoured another Zadikim substituted a different

charm and derived such amusement from the trick he had played that he allowed his cane to rest.

Elder pupils are not always studious, some of them play at cards beneath the table, these cards being made for the purpose and concealed while handled. Now and then they are detected at this game, but nothing appears able to cure their love of gambling and the freakish love of mischief. They play away their time because they find nothing in their books to interest them, much less anything to comfort or elevate.

For light the arrangement is primitive; each scholar in turn brings a candle of a prescribed length. This has to burn out before the reading is done and once the light goes out the task is considered to be over. Weary pupils shave the candle, wet it, wind a hair around it, or stick a needle in the wick, so that it may consume the faster and they be free. It is whispered that lessons are shortened whenever the Melammed has supper, because he then keeps back some of the candle to light him at his meal.

One custom gives some discomfort to the lads; every Saturday afternoon each father examines his son as to what has been studied and what progress has been made. When there is no father in the home this examination is usually conducted by a rabbi, who of course, is more to be dreaded than a man who has perhaps forgotten his learning.

Thus Marcus obtained such knowledge as Cheder could give; at the age of thirteen years he attained all the rights of manhood. Until that time he was not held accountable or responsible for his sins. Thenceforward the sin of the law was regarded as a sin of Israel and compelled to bear the burden of his own guilt.

Beyond all this direct schooling the routine of daily life was full of religious suggestion, at times passing into beauty. On the first Saturday evening of the month, if the moon were visible, a feast was celebrated. The whole assembly then lifted up their heads to the moon and rising upon their toes several times repeated, " I jump towards thee and yet cannot reach to touch thee, so shall none of mine enemies be able to touch me to harm." The feast of the New Year celebrated by abstention from toil and special prayers would engage his attention and interest him. On that day he would be told that God judges the world and that three books are opened. In the first are recorded the names of those righteous persons who have kept all the precepts of the Jewish faith; in the second the names of the moderately good, and the third book contains the names of the presumptuously wicked. The first and third classes are written to life or death, but the moderate are held in suspense until the Day of Atonement. Then their conduct decides their destiny, for the Jews believe in salvation by works. Hence the kindly greeting, " To a good year may you be inscribed," and the correct reply, " You also." At the service the blowing of a ram's horn recalled the sacrifice of Isaac, which the boy would be told happened on that day. At home a morsel of bread dipped in honey would be eaten with prayer, and then all the family would go to the river side, and, while supplication was being made, their garments be shaken over the water, an act which was said to shake off the sins of the doers, who were also thereby reminded of the brevity of life, for man is like a fish caught in a net.

On the Day of Atonement the family, each person holding a cock or hen, according to his or her sex,

would swing the bird over his or her head three times and then the fowl be killed. The long fast and the custom of asking forgiveness of those who had been wronged would have a solemn meaning for the thoughtful child—indeed, the year to him was a long succession of lessons—at once restful, stimulating and provocative of thought. The Jewish ritual, whatever its faults, was arranged so as to compel attention to religion, and that end was adequately secured by means not displeasing, though apt to cripple thought if divorced from the true spirit of piety. Especially would little Marcus find the Sabbath a delight. Directly after noon on Friday he would be taught to trim his hair and pare his nails. The latter was a serious business and had to be conducted according to ritual. Thus he would begin with the left hand, commencing with the third, then paring the forefinger and next the little finger, after which the middle finger and the thumb received attention. The right hand he would be taught required a different method, for that must commence with the thumb, the middle finger be next cut and then the little one. The disposal of the parings of his nails also required care; he would be told that while to throw them upon the ground is ungodly, to bury them is just, the truly pious burns these relics! All the observances, the preparations and that restful silence so helpful to self-nurture, all conduced to educate him, and thus by slow degrees he came to years of intelligent grappling with the facts of life; made what God would have him by many and singular influences.

Here perhaps will be the best place to give an account of a Jewish wedding, in itself a beautiful spectacle and significant. Mr. Bergmann writes—

" Before a marriage can take place, there must of necessity be an engagement, but the contracting parties do not see each other until they are under the wedding canopy on the wedding day. The marriage contract is made by the respective nearest relatives of the bride and bridegroom. When both parties agree the respective friends and kinsmen of both are invited along with the Rabbi and the officers of the synagogue. The agreement is drawn up by a scribe and then signed by the Rabbi and secretary.

" The wedding day is fixed, also a fine for breach of contract on either side.

" This agreement is read in hearing of the whole assembly. An earthen vessel is broken by one of the near kinsmen, to show that a violated marriage contract will be like the broken vessel which cannot be made whole again. The evening is spent in great festivity, neither bride or bridegroom being present at this feast.

" When the evening before the fixed day for the wedding arrives there is again a great gathering of the respective relatives and friends at the house of the bride. But the men and women occupying separate rooms. There is both music and dancing going on at the same time there is the preparation for the wedding day.

" On the wedding day both bride and bridegroom fast the whole day. This fast is considered as sacred as the Day of Atonement itself, and is esteemed as highly meritorious and atoning, whereby all their past sins are forgiven. A young woman when committing some sin is comforted by her friends :—' O never mind, your wedding day is coming, when all your sins will be forgiven.' This doctrine is supported by a precept of the Rabbis. (*Hilchoth Kedushen*, fol. 61, col. 1.)

"All the bidden guests with the Rabbi assemble together. Before this assembly the bridegroom, if a Talmudical student, delivers a lecture on some Talmudical subject. Whilst this is going on a band of music is playing some plaintive airs in the bride's department. At intervals, a singular comic individual called "a Marshalec" addresses the bride and exhorts her to repent, and reminds her of her duties to her husband, and what a solemn vow she is about to make. All this is spoken in a poetical strain, but in such a solemn and touching manner that it causes all the ladies to weep bitterly. After each stanza the band plays in solemn chorus. At the same time the nearest relatives of the bride loose the bride's hair, and however beautiful that may be, it is all cut off very closely, and she is then prepared to be taken to or near the synagogue where the canopy is already prepared to perform the marriage ceremony.

"The same comic individual then goes to the bridegroom's department and addresses him in the same strain and explains minutely the meaning of certain articles of dress, which he lays before him as the special presents from the bride, one of which is a Kittel (a fine linen surplice), the collar of which is trimmed with either silver or gold lace. This garment is worn by the bridegroom at the marriage ceremony, then on the Day of Atonement and on Passover night, every year. It finally becomes his shroud wherein he is buried. There is also a white satin skull-cap trimmed in the same way with either silver or gold lace.

"There are two leaders, ladies for the bride and gentlemen for the bridegroom. Each are taken separately to the synagogue where the marriage ceremony takes place accompanied by the band of

music and the respective friends. This generally takes place just before sunset.

" The greater part of the day prior to this ceremony the bridegroom spends in prayer, repeating the prayers prescribed for the Day of Atonement, When he comes forth from his chamber he is dressed in that white linen shroud described above. This reminds us of the Psalmist's expression (xix. 5) about the sun ' which is as a bridegroom coming forth from his canopy.' The bridegroom is taken to the canopy first, with all the pomp, accompanied by the band of music and friends with lighted candles or torches. Then the bride is fetched in the same way. It is here that the bride and bridegroom face each other for the first time.

" The Rabbi holding a glass of wine pronounces a blessing, after which both parties drink or taste the wine. The bridegroom then takes the ring, and when putting it on the bride's finger, there is a cry ' Attem Aidim ', ' ye are witnesses.'

" The Rabbi repeats the following words—

" 'Haray at Mekudesheth li b'etabaath zu kedath Moshay véyisrael,' The marriage contract is then read in Hebrew or rather Chaldæic.

" Then follow seven benedictions which are chanted, and the wine is drank and the empty glass broken by the bridegroom.[1] This is to remind them also of the destruction of Jerusalem.

" The Benediction closes this ceremony. Then bride and bridegroom walk home arm in arm, the band leading and friends following with great joy. The married couple are now taken into a room apart from the others and partake of a good breakfast.

[1] There is at that moment a great shout of Mazul Tov, " Good Luck."

"The other guests are sitting down together in the large room specially prepared, and the servants going around from one to another with a basin and water and towels, washing the hands of the guests, for no Jew will eat without first washing his hands (see Matthew xv. 1, 2).

"When this feast is over, the Rabbi again chants all the benedictions that were repeated under the canopy at the celebration of the marriage. The married couple are now seated near the Rabbi. The rest of the evening is spent in music and dancing, lasting till the early hours of the morning.

"Among rich Jews this wedding feast is kept up for seven days."

I am only one,
But I AM one:
I cannot do everything,
But I CAN do something:
What I can do,
I OUGHT to do:
What I ought to do,
By the grace of God I WILL do.

Yes, but the manufacture of each needle involves over twenty distinct processes, including cutting the wire into lengths, straightening, pointing, splitting, filing, heading, grooving, hardening, tempering, scouring, polishing, grinding, sharpening, etc.

If such infinite trouble is taken to fashion a needle, in order that it may fulfil its duty, is it strange that God in His great care to make us useful and true in His gracious service, should consider it necessary to test and try us even as gold is tried in the furnace?

One of the perils of the times is that we believe more in strong causes, and rich organizations, and in a multitude of things, than we do in the simple passion for souls—the simple power of the Spirit of God.

REV. ARTHUR HOYLE.

DAY BREAKING AMID CLOUDS

God, who registers the cup
Of mere cold water, for His sake
To a disciple rendered up
Disdains not His own thirst to slake,
At the poorest love was ever offered.

BROWNING.

Our worries always come from our weaknesses.

JOUBERT.

Among the four Gospels that of St. Mark became my favourite, from the sudden, direct manner in which it at once brings Christ into contact with a suffering world.

DORA GREENWELL.

CHAPTER IV

Day Breaking amid Clouds

Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill who misses one.

M. ARNOLD.

"My idea of heaven," said Tennyson, "is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another."

"Consider; it is not failing in this or that attempt of coming to Christ, but a giving over of your endeavours, that will be your ruin."

JOHN OWEN.

Most failures lie in not going on long enough. I heard a man in a meeting in the country long ago say that one of the most encouraging verses he knew was a verse of common metre to this effect: "Go on, Go on, Go on, etc."

JAMES SMETHAM.

THE career of Marcus was uneventful, but not without romance, for the dull grey of routine displays colours like shot silk, if held in the right light. Every day is full of beauty and charming as a fairy tale, because all the minute incidents of life display the active operation of God. Thus when his sister married a physician skilful and kind to the poor, Marcus went to reside with them at Kalisch. While there, he studied the Talmud

with the aid of his brother-in-law, rising early and sitting up late and devoting the whole of Thursday night to this branch of learning to him all important. At the age of fourteen years, the boy went to the Chief Rabbi of Breslau, where he spent three silent but instructive years. The constructive operations of these months were followed by a stay with an uncle at Frankenstein and then by another visit to his sister and her husband. Thus did grace laboriously fashion the implement that it designed and intended to employ for a purpose then obscure, but dimly felt and great. That voice which at times speaks to deaf ears, at the right moment called young Marcus; speaking through unrest, yearnings, speaking louder the more it was regarded. Leaving his fatherland, the young man came to England, landing on our shores in the year 1866. He was not inactive, but set himself to a task congenial to his tastes and preparatory to his life's work. A small synagogue was established in London, and in it during the space of two years he laboured without reward, save the consciousness of doing good and serving God. He derived his support from the share of his father's property he had left in the hands of his sister.

Then came a remarkable interposition of the Divine Spirit and to His glory be it told. Says Mr. Bergmann :—

"It pleased the Lord at this time to lay His hand upon me, and I was laid aside for six weeks in the German hospital. When feeling a little better I began to look into the Hebrew Bible, which was on the shelf in the ward. As reader in the synagogue I knew the letter of the whole of the

Pentateuch, and other portions of the Old Testament by heart.

"The portion of Scripture that made a great impression on me at the time of my illness was Daniel ix. Several verses of this chapter (the confession of Daniel) are repeated each Monday and Thursday by every Jew; but the latter part of this chapter, which so plainly prophesies of the sufferings of the Messiah, is never read—in fact, the Rabbis pronounce a dreadful curse upon every one who investigates the prophecy of these seventy weeks. They say: 'Their bones shall rot who compute the end of the time.' On remembering this anathema, it was with fear and trembling that I read this passage about the seventy weeks, and coming to verse twenty-six, 'Messiah shall be *cut off*, but not for himself,'—though we Jews are most careful not to let a Hebrew book drop on the ground—I threw that Hebrew Bible out of my hand, thinking, in my ignorance, that this was one of the Missionaries' Bibles. But, although I threw the Bible away, yet I could not throw away the words I had just read: 'Messiah shall be *cut off*, but not for himself.' These words sank deeper and deeper into my soul, and wherever I looked I seemed to see the words in flaming Hebrew characters, and I had no rest for some time. One morning I again took up the Bible, and without thinking or looking for any particular passage, my eyes were arrested by these words (also in a chapter which is never read by the Jews): 'For he was *cut off* out of the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was he stricken" (Isa. liii. 8).

"This seemed to be the answer to the question that I was constantly asking myself during this

time of soul-conflict—'Messiah shall be *cut off*, but not for himself.' *For whom was it?* Here it was plainly revealed to me. '*For the transgression of My people*,' and surely I belonged to His (God's) people, and, therefore, Messiah was *cut off for me.*

"Shortly after this I left the hospital and was again among my Jewish friends, but I could not banish from my mind these two passages."

The Lord made no delay in dealing with His servant. He who had commenced the good work continued it, but in His own way. Human instrumentality often helps the subtle change, but He who has access to the secret springs of feeling often acts directly upon the secret life. So was it here; no tract was given to the young Rabbi; no sermon did he hear, no missionary pleaded with him; his conversion was the personal work of the Holy Spirit of God, and very gently did He lead His servant into the paths of peace. Mr. Bergmann's own account is as follows:—

"One morning I put on my Phylacteries and Talith in order to perform my daily prayers, but I could not utter a single sentence out of the prescribed prayer book before me. One passage (Psalm cxix 18), 'Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of the law,' came into my mind, and that I repeated over and over again, and for nearly two hours that was the cry of my soul. After laying aside the Phylacteries and Talith I left the house without tasting any food, and as I walked along the streets I prayed again in the words of the Psalmist, 'Lead

me in Thy truth and teach me, for Thou art the God of my salvation, on Thee do I wait all the day long.' My heart was burdened with a very great load, and yet I dared not open my mind to any one. In this state, I believe the Spirit of God led me to Palestine Place. My heart failed me when I reached the door of the late Rev. Dr. Ewald.

"After several vain attempts I ventured to knock, and was admitted to see that venerable servant of the Lord. To him I unburdened my soul and told him all that was in my heart. He asked me whether I was willing to come into his home for enquirers in order to be instructed in the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus. I told him that that was just what I needed, and I at once accepted this kindness and I did not return to my Jewish friends. This was just one week before the Passover."

Alas! no one ever turned to the Lord without suffering assault; the great enemy of souls will not suffer any to leave his service without either seeking to detain or, if that be impossible, to injure or stain. The new disciple feeling his way into the truth, was called upon to suffer for his faith and, perhaps, by that ordeal acquired definite ideas and access to the springs of power. Only by martyrdom do we come to a realization of the Gospel; the experience for the time is painful, but afterward the gain is apparent. Never without martyrdom has any land been won for Christ—never without pain any achievement effected in holiness or service.

The incident is best told in the words of the principal actor; his self-suppression and the absence

of all self-advertisement will be seen at once. Mr. Bergmann says :—

"On the first day of the feast, several Jews of my congregation who had discovered where I was, came and entreated me to leave the Missionaries and go back with them. As I refused to do so, they said they would soon get me away with disgrace. They left, but only for a short time, and when they returned they brought a policeman with them and charged me with being a thief, and as such I was taken to the nearest police-station and locked up. Whilst in the cell I was visited by several Jews, who implored me to return to them, and said that if I promised to do so they would not appear against me on the morrow, and I would be liberated. I answered in the words of David, when Gad, the seer, was sent to give him the choice of his own punishment: 'Let me fall into the hands of the Lord, for His mercies are great, but into the hands of man let me not fall;' and I added 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' They left me disappointed. But I never spent a happier night than in that prison cell, for I felt and fully realized that the Lord was with me, and it was there that I for the first time knelt down and prayed to God *in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.* Though up to this time I knew very little or nothing of the New Testament, yet it seemed to me as if the Lord Jesus spoke to me in the same manner as He did to His disciples. 'They shall put you out of the synagogues, yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service; these things will they do unto you because they have not known the Father nor Me. But these things I have

told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I have told you of them.' 'And when they bring you unto magistrates and powers take no thought how or what ye shall say, for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say.' Passage after passage seemed to come before me, as if the Lord Jesus had spoken audibly to me to encourage me to cling close to Him and not to fear what man could do unto me.

"The night—though sleepless—I passed joyfully and peacefully. The morning came, which brought other Jewish visitors with food from their table, also entreating me to return to my Jewish friends. As I refused, they told me that they had witnesses to prove the charge against me, and I would be put into prison for at least three months; but I felt that the Lord Jesus was my advocate, and that He would plead my cause.

"About 10 o'clock I was taken out of the police cell and led to the Mansion House (followed by a large number of Jews) to appear before the Lord Mayor of London. The whole judgment hall was filled with Jews. My chief accuser swore that I had robbed him, and three others gave their evidence on oath against me. The Lord Mayor asked me through an interpreter (for I could not then speak English) what I had to say in my defence, and whether I had any witnesses to prove my innocence. I replied, 'I stand here in this position on account of my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am not only not guilty of the crime which is imputed to me, but I have left all my valuable things at the house where I lodged. It is only because I wish to become a Christian that I am accused.' The Lord Mayor then ordered my chief

accuser again into the witness box, and asked him whether he knew that it was my intention to become a Christian. The expression which flashed across his angry countenance and was reflected by the faces of the other Jews present, sufficiently answered the question before he could speak a word.

"On cross-examination they so contradicted each other that they themselves proved my innocence, and I was at once set at liberty. (I wish it to be clearly understood that this persecution was not in enmity to myself personally, but rather in friendship and mistaken zeal. They wished to save me at any cost from becoming a Christian.)

"On leaving the Mansion House I returned to Dr. Ewald, and after being thoroughly instructed in the Scripture, I was admitted into the visible Church of Christ on June 7, 1868, by the rite of baptism. During this time the most terrible trial I had to endure was severing myself from my own family. From my dear sister especially I received most heart-breaking letters, imploring me by the memory of my father not to bring our honoured name into disgrace by forsaking our ancient faith and going over to the 'idolators.' (She of course, received her impressions from witnessing the Romish customs abroad.) My uncle came to England to try to induce me to return with him. He promised me full forgiveness and reconciliation, with everything I could desire, if I would even now renounce the Christian faith and return to the true faith: and warned me that if I persisted I should be entirely cut off and disowned by all my family. It was a most distressing interview, and only the grace of God could

have enabled me to resist his tears and entreaties and keep firm in my adherence to my Master who had bought me with His own precious blood."

* * * * *

The two letters subjoined will tell their tale; the first is a translation of an epistle sent by Mr. Bergmann after his baptism, with the answer he received from his sister.

June 29, 1868.

"My dear Sister,—Oh! may I venture to ask you—do you love me—then, beloved sister, will you not rejoice when your brother tells you of the goodness of God, how He has manifested Himself to a poor, sinful, guilt-laden creature? Oh! I fear very much that you will not trust in this redemption work, and it is done not through premeditated unfriendliness—for so you will regard it—but from a conscientious sense of duty. But, dear sister, with tears of joy now flowing down my cheeks, thy dear brother tells thee that he believes and feels that all his sins are forgiven through the shedding of the blood of the One true sacrifice. Oh be patient while I still continue, but nevertheless I am nervous, and my hand trembles so that I can scarcely proceed.

"I am so happy—oh, my beloved sister, if you would only realize it, how happy you might also become; I am quite certain that if you could rejoice with me you would be convinced that I feel that God loves me, and that I love Him. I feel that I am His child, and that I have through grace a happy confidence that through my blessed

Redeemer (Goel)— by faith I behold Him— I shall be happy in His presence through all eternity.

" Believe me, beloved sister, that I am not in error, neither do I deceive myself, oh no! I am as certain that through my (Goel) Redeemer, all my sins are forgiven, as I am sure of the existence of God Himself. I could tell you the minute when I first received this conviction, and could rejoice in God my Salvation, and if you, my beloved sister, ever discern the love of God, that alone will suffice to convince you of the truth.

" If any one is once under this influence of love, it requires no argument, however strong or subtle it may be, to further convince him of it. The fruit of believing in the united Triune Godhead is at once to have peace, and joy; this I confirm by my own experience. What further proof do I need to convince me that the Messiah has already come. I have this inward consciousness, and I am as sure of it, as I am of anything that exists.

" It necessarily follows, that as we place such importance on this experience, I was at one time truly unhappy. I endeavoured to establish my own righteousness, instead of the righteousness of God. I was at that time steeped in sin, nor could I perceive a ray of light from the darkness, and I knew not where to turn. My whole soul hungered after spiritual food, which Judaism or Rabbinism could not give, my spirit roamed in utter darkness, and knew not where to rest, and in the morning dawn looked up to heaven, but all was in vain till I found rest in the pierced side of the Messiah, and there I wish ever to remain.

" I do not wish to relate the succession of means

which God has employed to bring about this delightful change in me. Naturally, I perceive in them mere instruments of His Divine Will. It is to the Spirit of the Almighty God alone that I owe this enlightenment, and that I am enabled to pursue the straight and narrow way that leadeth to life eternal. And oh, it is so simple—only believe! 'Whosoever believeth on Him shall have everlasting life.' 'The Messiah is the end of the law,' whoso believeth this is justified.

"But there are numberless evident and authentic proofs in the Word of God that the Messiah is already come. Shall I continue? I dare hope that you will have patience with me. The Law which God gave to Moses on Mount Sinai was merely appointed for the land which was given to our forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and for that land only, so that it can be fulfilled in no other; therefore we are, through the dispersion of our nation, in the condition of a people who disobey the law which God has given. Then from what we know of the government of God we are certain it cannot consist with His wisdom and character, that this should still be the law according to which we are governed in different countries, in modern days. And do we not lament our want of sacrifice in our Divine service as a great misfortune? We find in the prayers which we use on the Day of Atonement these words:—'Woe to us, we have no Mediator.' And to supply this want of a sacrifice, we have destroyed the Law by our inventions, and put an explicit interdiction upon it.

"For see, my dear sister, the incongruity of the Mishna and Gemara, the order of the Talmud when

it is put in the place of God's Holy Word, the Law. Ah! I think that in whatever light you view the Talmud it is a dreadful disgrace before the eye of divine wisdom, and, therefore, how sinful it is. The religion of our Jewish nation is not altogether to be despised, but it does seem strange that men of good sound sense and understanding could compose such a work as the Talmud. Moses gave no evidence of this traditional or oral law—of this explanation of the Law of God. The Law which was written and preserved in the Ark is the only Law he mentions, and this alone should be read in the ears of the people throughout the world.

"But how exceedingly sinful it is to suppose God to be the author of such a production as the Talmud. (The Rabbis say that the Mishna contains God's explanation of the Law, but this explanation is clouded in such obscurity that it requires another given by man to understand it sufficiently intelligible.) If it is so, why are we, as Jews, so afraid to look beyond this present life? It is the apprehension and dread that we must suffer in purgatory. You know very well, dear sister, what our Rabbis have written, that in the first month after the decease, the Jews are obliged to suffer, both in body and soul, which is called (Chibut hakever) purgatory, and regarding which there are so many strange ideas that they are too numerous to mention.

"I can write no longer, the paper is stained with tears; they are tears of joy and praise, mingled with supplications on your behalf.

"May the Lord be with you and bless and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the

light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace. This is the earnest prayer, my dear sister, of your loving and affectionate brother,

"MARCUS SAMUEL BERGMANN."

"*Kalisch, July* 13, 1868.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—When I received your letter of 29th of last month I was truly happy, for what sister does not like to hear from her brother? But what was my surprise when I read it! Is it possible? Is it indeed the voice of my youngest brother (out of two) that speaks, or is it the voice of a stranger? Is there anything more fitted to break my heart than what you tell me, that you have become a believer in the crucified Nazarene? This sad news has not only rendered me miserable, but I am at this moment in such a weak state of health that I am forbidden to leave my room; and should it turn out to be true that you have taken that fatal step—and that it is too late to recede—where shall I find words to express my miserable condition? The sad news that you have forsaken the faith of your fathers has greatly afflicted me. My feeble heart has sustained a shock from which it is doubtful if I shall ever recover. But, my dear brother, will you help me in this hour of distress? Will you spare my life for a little longer, and save me from going down to an untimely grave? Do write to me without a moment's delay, and let me know if you still adhere to the faith of your fathers. Have you resolved to leave your only sister and brother, and other near relatives and friends? Have strangers who can have no interest in you seduced you to renounce our holy faith, in which your forefathers both lived and died, and to which they were so fondly attached? But, if you tear

yourself away from these sacred ties, if you are determined to separate yourself from us—I say, despairingly, Woe to you and to me! I imagine a secret voice is telling me, still there is hope. It is entirely in your power to prevent the scandal which will come upon me on your account. I shall be despised by all the Jews the moment they hear that you have become a Christian. You know that a *Meshumad*, an apostate, becomes an object of hatred among the Jews; and I, on your account, will in like manner be despised and persecuted. Therefore, I entreat you to leave these apostates. How strange that you should have given up those who were your true friends, and joined yourself to perfect strangers! How strange that you should forget your solemn vows! My heart was gladdened when I could give you the date of our father's and mother's death before you left home, and well do I remember how fervently you prayed for the peace and safety of their souls at the returning anniversary. Now, have you forgotten all this? Are you prepared to bring shame upon our father and mother who slumber in the grave? They had little to sweeten life, having died while so young, and must you bring contempt upon them, and those whom they left behind?

"Do not forget that, when our dear mother died, in her last moments of struggle, ere she went down to the grave you were nearest her heart. Probably the thought that she had left behind her a son who could offer up prayers for her departed spirit comforted her in her last conflict.

"I tremble to think that you cast from you the brightest prospects, and despise what others would regard a fortune. All my hopes are blasted, if these missionaries with whom you seem to have

been brought into contact succeed in turning your mind from what is good. There is no faithfulness in their mouth, their inward part is very wickedness, their throat is an open sepulchre, they flatter with their tongue. They delight to cut asunder the dearest and most sacred ties that bind nearest relatives together. They are employed for the very purpose to ensnare young men. Murderers they deserve to be called, and tribulation and punishment will be their sure reward.

"My heart bleeds whilst I am writing, and I must halt for a moment, for I feel too unwell for this correspondence. And just think that you are the only cause of my sorrow. Let me know, dear brother, if there is still a way open by which you may escape; and, if there is, then take pity upon your only sister, for I am overwhelmed with grief.

"But if flatterers have succeeded in gaining your affections; if madness has a veil before your eyes, so that you can neither see nor understand the mysteries of our holy religion, you might go to the Chief Rabbi and ask him to explain to you fully the doctrines of Judaism. Do not believe the subtle arguments of these men whose aim it is to pervert your judgment; for remember, whilst they flatter with their enticing words, they at the same time lay snares for you to ruin your soul, and rest assured in this, my dear brother, these men are not sincere, and no dependence can be placed upon what they say and teach. If you, however, listen more to them than to your only beloved sister, as you call me, the time will come when you will repent of all this; but it may be too late.

"Have you ever heard of such as have forsaken

the God of their fathers, how they had to suffer severely for their folly? Some of these apostates have been reduced to beggary, and such may be your case. But, if you are resolved to remain a Christian and leave us without the comfort and hope, then we must part, and you must never again address me by the name of sister, while I shall never address you as my brother.

"Do not suppose that you will ever succeed in becoming a missionary. Such a thing seems to me utterly impossible, and, supposing you did attain to such an office and position, would you not shrink from undertaking its duties? Would you engage in a work the professed object of which is to sow disunion in a family? I would have you ponder over this before you are a party to such miserable employment. The great and only object of the missionary is to persuade young men to leave the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and worship pictures, images, and what they call saints.

"But what can I more say by way of advice? I am deeply afflicted. Had the news of your death reached me, I could have borne it with more patience and resignation, for then I would have looked forward to that happy meeting beyond the grave; but, alas! I can no longer indulge in such a hope, since you are cut off from the House of Israel.

"We shall be obliged to read the funeral service and mourn over you (while you are yet alive), and look upon you as dead. I can write no more. I will do all I can, and so will your Uncle Woolf to save you from this disgraceful step. We shall consider no sacrifice too great to reclaim you for our holy Judaism.

"The brightest prospects are still open before you if you come home, and nothing shall be spared on our part to make you comfortable and happy. But if nothing can persuade you to give up your evil intention—if you are determined to trample under feet every kind offer, and persist in your folly and delusion, never let me hear from you another word, because you have disgraced yourself and the whole of your family.

"Your grieved Sister,

"ROSALIE."

Not to the swift, the race ;
Not to the strong, the fight ;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace ;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal ;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died ;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child ;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above ;
Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of love.

BUYING THE TRUTH AND PAYING FOR IT

The world, O God, is Thine, it can but go,
As Thou dost utter, "Let it be so,"
But all shall smoothen in Thine own good time—
The wide, rough clanging turn to Sabbath chime;
There is no ruin in Thy plan sublime.

One thing we must always remember—the will of God is not revealed to us in a volume but in single pages; the whole journey of our life is not charted for us in one great map, opened out before our eyes at the beginning—only one little sketch is shown to us at a time.

MR. CHARLES BROWN.

CHAPTER V

Buying the Truth and Paying for it

My will is set to gather flowers,
  Thine blights them in my hand;
Mine reaches for life's sunny hours,
  Thine leads through shadow land;
And all my days go on in ways
  I cannot understand.

Views of life differ widely. Many men think they are in this world to make a career for themselves. But many a man has found his soul only when he had lost his fortune or his health, or his place.

There is an unconsciousness of goodness as there is an unconsciousness of genius.

THIS severe ordeal through which the young disciple had passed left him lonely and sad, with that sickening yearning that exhausts more than physical pain. One day, while standing beside the Episcopal Chapel, Marcus spied a stranger attempting to read the Hebrew words over the entrance door. He at once complied with the request for an interpreter, and the new-comer entered into conversation with the young martyr. The two men were drawn together by those subtle sympathies that are inexplicable yet part of the Divine plan. The elder man, Mr. Charles Brown—for that was his name—had long been a lover of Israel, and his heart warmed to the lonely young

Jew. He invited Mr. Bergmann to pay him a visit; this was repeated, and as the friendship ripened it was agreed that every Saturday Mr. Brown should receive instruction in the Hebrew tongue. One day, while thus engaged, Mr. Bergmann expressed a wish that he could refer to some of the books that he had once possessed. Mr. Brown inquired, "But why did you not take your books with you when you left your friends?" "How could I take anything with me?" was the astonished answer, charming as devout, "Did not Jesus say, 'Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be a disciple?'"

Mr. Brown made no comment at the time, but this perfect obedience deeply impressed and influenced him. Said he of his friend, "The Lord will make it up to him." He was right; the condition of blessing is the spirit of sacrifice; only what we are willing to surrender can we be allowed to retain. Two years Mr. Bergmann remained in the Operative Jews' Institution, and then in the year 1870 he became both a missionary for the London City Mission, and the son-in-law of Mr. Brown, whose eldest daughter he married. "The Lord's blessing has been most abundantly bestowed upon me in the partner of my life," writes Mr. Bergmann; "for my dear wife has been to me a blessed help in all the work which the Lord has so graciously entrusted to me, and His rich blessing has further been bestowed upon me in the gift of seven dear children, for whom my constant prayer is that they may ever be abundantly used in our blessed Master's service."

Mr. Bergmann was trained for work as a London City Missionary by Mr. Salter, a most remarkable man, so uneducated that his application to the

Society was written in capital letters. But he became an accomplished linguist and for many years laboured among the Asiatics thronging the port of London. His intense love for the Gospel was marvellous; again and again he brought strangers to the church, Mohammedans and others, privately informing the preacher, saying: "Be as plain as ye can for that man's sake." Under him Mr. Bergmann acquired the art and craft of soul winning, and the accord of teacher and pupil, so different, yet so alike, was noteworthy. Having been qualified and set apart for his great service, Mr. Bergmann was appointed to a sphere of labour, of all parts of London the most difficult but also the most profitable. He was sent to St. George's-in-the-East, then not quite so destitute as now, but a storm centre and the hotbed of misery, unbelief and woe. The Jews were there, however, and to them the young missionary was sent. They were full of enmity and contemptuous hatred, and the task he attempted was perilous and hard. But he assumed it with faith undaunted, and God was with him. Mr. Bergmann, after leaving Mr. Salter, in commencing his work among these Jews was fortunate in his first Superintendent, who was Rev. Thomas Richardson, honoured as the founder of the Bible and Prayer Union. Mr. Richardson, a Lancashire man, whose life had been preserved by a miracle, had been engaged in business before taking Orders, and was as practical as he was devout. Mr. Richardson had written a small book, which Mr. Bergmann translated into Yiddish. This, when printed, obtained a world-wide circulation and proved useful. But when Mr. Richardson moved from St. George's-in-the-East to Mile End, Mr. Bergmann was pressed by the new vicar to

become a curate. The offer made was generous, but, conscious of a call to definite work for Israel, Mr. Bergmann decided to decline it, sacrificing position, emolument and ease for the work then beginning to impinge upon his soul.

One incident of his home life may here be related, and it cannot be better told than in the sweet words of Mrs. Bergmann. She says, in recording the faithfulness of God :—

"Shortly after we removed to Burdett Road I received a letter from a dear elderly relative. The wording was very characteristic. After saying that she was glad to hear from my parents that we had removed to a larger house, she informed me that she and her dear sister had decided to give up their house in Kilburn in which they had resided thirty years, and they *intended* in the following June to come to our house and make their home with us for the remainder of their lives on earth— And further on she wrote: '*We have asked for guidance and direction in all our earthly affairs, so I know we shall remove at the right time and to the right place.*' I must say that my first feeling on reading this letter was one of unbounded astonishment, and then (shall I say it ?) almost of dire dismay.

"We had removed into rather a larger house it is true, but we had five little children, and these dear ladies, although very hospitable, had always, when inviting relatives to stay with them, explained that as they had no nursery they could not include children in their invitation. (This restriction was adhered to till the children reached the age of sixteen, when they were formally included in the invitation.)

"It is difficult here to decide just how much detail to give to make the narrative clear. Even

at the risk of being tedious I think it would be better to give a little outline of the life history of these dear relatives.

" They were born as far back as 1813 and 1815 respectively. Their mother, Mrs. Franco, was my father's aunt, and in their early years my father and his cousins were much together. They lost their father when very young and their mother some twenty years after. As they were left with independent means they decided to make their home in London. Eventually the younger sister married Mr. G. D. O. Stephenson, an elderly gentleman well known in the N.W. suburbs of London. Mrs. Stephenson was left a widow a few years before my father came to reside in London. Her husband left her a life interest in property which included the house in which they resided in the Belsize Road. Both Mrs. Stephenson and her sister were warm-hearted and generous supporters of every branch of the Lord's work in connection with their Church, and always gave a ready response to any direct appeal on behalf of any good cause. I know they had a purse which was labelled ' The Lord's Treasury,' in which a tenth of their income was always placed, as rents and dividends came in, but I have heard Miss Franco, the elder sister say, ' We do not consider that the *least* a Jew was enjoined to give should be the *most* that a Christian should set apart for the Lord's service,' and they freely acted up to this. Miss Franco had formerly taken a deep and active interest in Ragged School work, and both sisters were enthusiastic advocates and loyal supporters of the Temperance cause.

* * * * *

" Dear Miss Franco ! how much could be written

of her life and character ; but she always kept herself in the background ; she had strong mental capacity and was very talented, but two or three years before she came to live in Burdett Road she had an attack of paralysis which much enfeebled her. We grew to love her very dearly. She had only been with us four years when she had another attack of paralysis, and a few days after she entered peacefully into rest. This digression is really a little 'In Memoriam.' These dear ladies were so highly esteemed by such a large circle of friends that I feel it is due to their memory not to too strictly keep to what in their lives is only in connection with ourselves.

"To return to the letter I received from Mrs. Stephenson, which was, as I have said, characteristic. She was naturally inclined to be dictatorial and domineering, which was apt to be a little repelling to strangers, but in spite of this drawback her's was a grand character, marked by the severest rectitude and the punctilious performance of every duty. Underneath the at times rather forbidding exterior was a most loving and lovable disposition, and her Christian life was characterized by a strong and yet most simple and childlike faith. Writing to me in the way she did, in the extract I have given, was decisive. By arranging two separate rooms for meals and furnishing a little room at the top of the house as a sitting-room for the children, we were able to make suitable provision for their comfort, and from the first (to quote words they often repeated) we formed one united happy family. They had been living with us about eighteen months when our sixth child was born. He was the sweetest baby, of course, and they really took a great interest in him. One morning, when he was about three

months old, Mrs. Stephenson said that she wished me to arrange to come and sit with them in the afternoon as they had something of importance to tell me. I did so, and she proceeded to inform me that some years back they had, acting on the advice of their solicitor, lent a gentleman a certain sum of money on mortgage at 5 per cent. interest, and they had that morning received notice of his death. They now intended, she said, to call this money in, and instead of investing it in 3 per cent. consols and leaving it to me at their death, they had decided —to use her own expression—to ' have the pleasure of giving it to us at once with the stipulation that as they did not wish their income decreased we should pay them the 3 per cent. per annum interest as long as they lived. My surprise and gratitude may be imagined. I had no idea that they had intended leaving us anything, for they had been most kind and generous in coming to live with us. In talking this over with my husband afterwards, and consulting with him about the investment of the money, we felt we could not accept the fact that the income of these dear relatives should be reduced through their generosity to us. I told them this and asked if they would object to our investing the money in house property as that would enable us to pay the 5 per cent. interest without any risk. They consented, and we accordingly acted upon this and were able to pay the 5 per cent. interest without strain or difficulty. All this was arranged at the time just as I have recorded it here. It was only afterward that we were struck with the fact how very literally by these and other means the Lord had fulfilled the gracious declaration to which I have previously made reference. ' *There is no man that hath left house or brethren or sisters*

or father or mother or wife or children or lands for My sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses and brethren and sisters and mothers and children and lands with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.'

* * * * *

" I am writing this record in the month of October 1904. My eyesight is failing and my glasses have often been dimmed as I have written this latter part. It is only recently that we have lost dear Mrs. Stephenson by death. She entered peacefully into rest on the 16th of last May. During the latter years of her life her character had wonderfully mellowed. In the autumn of 1901 she had a very dangerous illness (pneumonia), and after her recovery she was almost entirely confined to her bedroom. Her whole life latterly seemed a litany of prayer and praise. Her voice was strong and her utterance measured and precise, while her diction was the stately one of a bygone period. It grew to be quite natural to hear her audible petitions concerning even the most trifling detail. I will give one or two which through constant reiteration became very sweetly familiar. One was 'O God, Thou who hast been so good to me from my birth up to the present moment, I beseech Thee to continue Thy great lovingkindness to me as long as Thou dost permit me to remain on earth.' Any pain or suffering she always took instantly to the Lord in prayer:—The wording of this was beautiful, 'O Saviour, dear Redeemer, Thou who hast all power given Thee in heaven and on earth, I beseech of Thee to remove this pain—(or 'this difficulty in breathing'). 'And He does,' she would say with such a brightened face. It is impossible to describe

the loving emphasis on the words ' dear Redeemer.' Her loss was felt deeply by all who knew her in connection with the Congregational Church in the Burdett Road. Although her strength had been gradually decreasing the end was sudden and unexpected. On the Sunday evening she was dressed as usual and in her easy chair, and I sat by her side after I returned from church, talking of the service, etc., and she seemed particularly bright and almost disinclined to go to bed. It was after twelve o'clock, when I, as was customary, helped her to undress. I tucked the ribbon handle of the bell-pull under the corner of her pillow as usual, with the words, ' You will be sure to ring, dear, if you want me ; ' and her ' Good-night, my dear one,' were the last words I was ever to hear her utter on earth.

" The following day while our daughter Maud was helping her to dress she suddenly seemed partially to lose consciousness. Maud supported her to her easy chair, but when I reached the room she was past recognizing me. The doctor who had attended her was quickly summoned but almost immediately after she passed away, simply from failure of the heart's action. Had she lived till July she would have been eighty-nine years of age."

He serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on ;
For speech has myriad tongue for every day,
And song but one ; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone ;
There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all men may read ;
This is the better way.

The best men have been made what they are by trials, which are part of the discipline of life. If sin is discovered to us by temptation, so is virtue.

Rev. John Grimshaw.

Man's happiness is like a shadow, the memory of it follows him and the hope of it precedes him.

Rev. C. W. Martin.

We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things ; but the great point is to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit. "With God there's nothing small."

STRANGE DISCOVERY ABOUT ABRAHAM'S SEED

The day is long and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard ;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done ;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

And all the while did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company ;
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm ;
He turns the arrows which else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm.

Action brings into experience a strong and stable element ; in such a life we test ourselves at a thousand points by the actualities of the Universe.

CHAPTER VI

Strange Discovery about Abraham's Seed

Just where you stand in the conflict
There is your place!
Gird on your armour! be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whate'er it be, never doubting,
God's way is best.
Out in the fight or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
That is the work which your Master
Gives you to do.

It is not the things we want to do that are best, but the things God would have us do.

THROUGH long years of strenuous unrewarded service in the byways of squalid London, Mr. Bergmann was making his way to what was to be his greatest work for God. The persecution of his brethren in Russia stirred him to an effort to obtain for them the right to live. Mr. Bergmann says :—

"In the year 1890 this persecution was at its hottest. As the Lord Mayor of London for that year was a Jew (Sir H. A. Isaacs), I took the liberty of addressing to him the following letter :—

"'My Lord,—As an agent of the London City Mission I have had very many painful meetings

with the poor persecuted Russian Jewish refugees on their arrival in London, and the sad tales of their sufferings at the hands of their oppressors are truly heartrending. I have some time ago suggested to several of my friends to call a meeting to appeal to those high in authority in order to take some steps to approach the Russian Government and thus show our sympathy with these poor sufferers. But I was told that the Russian Government denies she intended persecution in enforcing the 'May Laws of 1882.' But in spite of these denials, many are the victims of her tyranny, and these naturally fly to this land of freedom. My object in addressing your Lordship is that before you retire from your high and exalted station you may be pleased to call a meeting of both Jews and Christians, especially Hebrew-Christians, whose hearts beat quickest and warmest for their Jewish brethren in any kind of distress.

"I may here quote the message Mordecai sent to Esther, 'For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall their enlargement and deliverance arise from another place . . . and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?' (Esther iv. 14.) Trusting that your Lordship will forgive the liberty I take in thus addressing you, I am, my Lord, etc., etc.'"

"To this letter the following reply was received :—

"'DEAR SIR,—The Lord Mayor is obliged by your letter. He will have an opportunity this week of consulting Cardinal Manning, Dr. Adler and others, and if he finds that any good will result from such a meeting he will call one before he leaves

office. Meanwhile his Lordship would be pleased to have an interview with you at the Mansion House any day this week between ten and twelve. Yours truly, etc., etc.' "

Mr. Bergmann had a most interesting interview with the Lord Mayor, with the result that his Lordship set to work at once, and a most influential meeting was got together at the Guildhall on December 10, 1890, which was shortly after he left office. A petition was drawn up and sent to the Czar, but although the Czar rejected this petition, there certainly was leniency shown to the Jews by the Russian Government.

But to obtain relief for his brethren persecuted in the name of Christ by those who had nothing but the Christian name and none of the Spirit of Love was only a side issue. Mr. Bergmann was deeply concerned at the condition of the poorer Jews among whom he laboured and who were infidels in fact if not in name. Said a Jew: "*The Christians in every country have the whole Bible in their various languages, but we Jews, who are dispersed in all the four corners of the earth, are not able to point to one plain version of the Old Testament in the language which we can all understand. What we possess is very expensive. No poor man, therefore, can possess a whole Bible for a very little. The English Bible can be bought for sixpence, but our cheapest Bible costs about thirty times as much.*"

The lamentable ignorance and consequent infidelity of the Jews moved one of their leaders writing in the *Jewish World* to ask: "Why not try the Bible?" In the course of a vigorous article the writer, who is not a Christian, says :—

"The greatest ignorance of the Bible, however, is to be found among the half-Anglicized of our foreign poor, those who do not devote much time to Hebrew studies, and whose knowledge of English is far from perfect. They cannot thoroughly understand either the Hebrew original or the English version. The meaning of even the most familiar passages is seen by them only through the somewhat distorting medium of Midrashic and liturgic paraphrases—beautiful in themselves, but never intended by their authors to take the place of the פשט. What is wanted is that every Jew should be able to go direct to the Bible, should be able to see the connection of passages with their context and perceive in what circumstances and in what relation to events the different Scriptures were written. Of course, even the possession of a thoroughly good Jewish translation of the Bible into Yiddish would not make this possible without some instruction in Hebrew and Jewish History. But it would be more than half the battle. Nor is there any reason why a short critical and historical introduction should not accompany the translation.

"It is surely a mistake to attempt to uproot pernicious ideas by doing little more than the teaching of English and the praise of British manners and institutions. All that is good in English life results from the influence of the Bible—our Jewish Bible—on the English people. A mind saturated with the spirit of Biblical thought and feeling would make its possessor a good citizen and a good man without any external teaching. Atheism, Anarchism, despair, hate and avarice would not need uprooting where Bible teaching has taken root; for they could not flourish side by side with

the healthy and beautiful outgrowths of Biblical ideas."

The need was evident and urgent when the Jews themselves saw the work was wanted, but no one came forward to give the Bible a chance.

Moved with pity for the desolation of Israel Mr. Bergmann sent the following letter to the papers :—

"SIR,—As a Missionary to Jews for the last twenty years, I have repeatedly been asked by those Jews who do not understand Hebrew for a Bible in Judeo-German, and have been obliged to tell them that such a book does not exist. About two-thirds (if not more) of the whole Jewish race are unable to understand the Hebrew language, in which their own Scriptures are written. They can all read the Hebrew, but do not understand the language. Isaiah xxix. 11, 12, is very applicable to them; as also Hosea iv. 6, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' The Christian Church takes it for granted that every Jew possesses the Old Testament Scriptures. That, I am sorry to say, is not the case. What many of the Jews have are the Pentateuch, small portions of the Prophets, Psalms, Ruth, Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, Lamentations, and Esther, all in Hebrew, with Rabbinical commentaries. I know that the New Testament is widely circulated among the Jews, both in Hebrew and Yiddish; but of what good is it to the Jew who does not understand his own Old Testament? And, when I quote to them from the Old Testament the Messianic passages, they say to me, 'That is not the Old Testament!'

* * * * *

"What even every Jewish child knows of the Lord Jesus Christ is from the very blasphemous character that is given of Him in the *Toldoth Jeshu*, the Jewish life of Christ, as related in the Talmud, which they at once associate with the New Testament.

"I am sure every Jewish Missionary feels the great need of a Judeo-German version of the Old Testament. I pray earnestly that the Lord may lay this need upon the hearts of some of His dear children, in order to provide this Bread of Life for the many hungry ones in Judah. Remember the Master's command is, 'Give ye them to eat.'

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully in Jesus,

"MARCUS S. BERGMANN,

"*Missionary to Jews.*"

A small Committee was eventually formed and these friends issued the following appeal :—

"We, the undersigned, who feel the great necessity of giving the Word of God (the Old Testament) to the Jews in our respective Parishes, in the Judeo-German dialect, a language which they can all understand, have formed ourselves into a Committee (in conjunction with the Rev. H. O. Allbrook and Mr. Bergmann), and confidently recommend the accompanying appeal to the Christian Church, which owes the deepest debt of gratitude to God's ancient people, the Jews, for the jealous care with which their fathers have, during a long succession of ages, handed down to us in all their integrity those 'Oracles of God,' which were first committed to their care.

"We are anxious at once to put such a version

of the Pentateuch into circulation, for which the sum of £500 is required.

"Mr. Bergmann's translation will be carefully revised by eminent Jewish Missionaries. The MS. will also be examined by learned unconverted Jews, to ensure to the Jewish world at large that the translation (especially the Messianic passages) is faithfully rendered from the original.

"All labour, with the exception of cost of printing and binding, is quite gratuitous, so that all gifts sent for this object will go to produce the Scriptures for wide circulation amongst God's ancient people, so many of whom are at present without this glorious light.

"Rev. J. H. Scott, M.A., Rector of Spitafields, E.

"Rev. Ernest A. B. Sanders, M.A., Rector of Whitechapel, E.

"Rev. M. Thomas, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Spital Square, E."

The circumstances that led to Mr. Bergmann undertaking his great task are in keeping with his wonderful experience in grace. He tells us :—

"I had been pleading with the Lord for twenty-one years with respect to this great need. I was alone in my room one morning, laying this matter before the Lord perhaps more earnestly than ever before, and when on my knees I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'Write My Word for My people who understand it not': this was repeated twice. I looked around, still on my knees, to see whence that voice came, and thinking—what does this mean? When, after a little while, I rose from my knees I took my Bible and opened it,

placing my hand upon the open page, then looking up I asked the Lord to give me a message from that very page—(I did not know what part of the Bible lay open before me)—so looking where my finger was I read as follows : 'And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he that readeth it may quickly understand' (Hab. ii. 2)."

The Pentateuch, as we have seen, was his first publication and this was issued by the British and Foreign Society. They at this time appeared to be willing to undertake the whole of the work, but eventually decided to abandon it. A copy of this Pentateuch when issued Mr. Bergmann sent to the uncle with whom his early years had been spent. The Rabbi sent this acknowledgment :—

"My dear Nephew,—I have received many letters from you during the last twenty-five years, and in each you have quoted many passages from our holy law and the prophets, as also from the Book of the Nazarenes, from which you would convince us that the Crucified One is the Messiah, the God of Jacob, and for this reason I have not answered any of your letters. But when you sent me those beautifully printed pages of our most holy Law, which the blessed God has given to us on Mount Sinai, through Moses our master (peace be upon him), and seeing that you have translated it into the purest and simplest of our language, so that all, even a child as well as the most learned can understand, that gives me and all your relatives hope, and we are now assured by such

an undertaking that you have not yet forsaken the God of your fathers, and I pray that you may consider who and what you are—but let the past be forgotten, the loving God would have it so.

" Now, as you ask my opinion of the translation, and whether it will be of any use to our poor, despised and scattered people, I can only assure you that the name Bergmann—our family name—will now live as long as there will be one of our nation to read the holy Law in the language in which you have translated it.

" I have sent some of the pages to my brother Kalman, who is still Rabbi in Frankenstein, and also to your cousin Nathan, who is likewise Rabbi in Pitschen, near Breslau. I don't know whether they will write to you, for you know you have brought great dishonour on us by forsaking the God of your fathers and taking up the faith of the Gentiles. But yet there is hope for you and time to repent, and God will receive you on account of the good work you are doing in translating the holy Law into our language. I shall be glad to see the whole Law and the Prophets done. Your affectionate uncle,

" Woolf Bergmann."

Having issued the Pentateuch the translator addressed himself to other books of the Bible.

The magnitude of the task he undertook will be realized when it is remembered that he was at the time engaged as an active City Missionary. The London City Mission, with characteristic generosity, indeed offered to relieve him of some of his duties, but this concession Mr. Bergmann declined to accept, considering that thus he was being paid for

what he regarded as a labour of love. Thus day by day he toiled among the children of Israel, spending his leisure and rest hours in rendering the Bible into the language of the people. At times he was hampered by lack of funds, but the Lord invariably appeared just at the nick of time. Thus just after the publication of the Pentateuch says Mr. Bergmann :—

"I had had to refund a grant of £100 to the Bible Society, which left me a balance in hand of only £4 13*s.* 9*d.*, and I was shortly expecting to have to meet a heavy bill for stereotyping, etc. At this time a friend, who had previously contributed, wrote to me to ask how I was getting on. I replied by stating what I had been able to accomplish, and that I was not in debt for a single penny. I made not the slightest allusion to the above facts, nor hinted at a further contribution. But judge of my great surprise and joy when by return of post I received a cheque for £100. I cannot refrain from giving one extract from the most kind letter which accompanied this magnificent contribution. 'A great desire of my heart has *just* been brought about, and I have asked counsel of God as to the direction my thankofferings should take, and He has clearly but *hastily* designated your Scripture work first. I fervently ask His blessing upon the means I now send in form of £100 cheque in its aid.'

"In what a marked manner has our covenant-keeping God proved to me His faithfulness to His gracious promises.

"Another example of the same interposition of God to help may here be given, not that it is remarkable that money for God's work should come when

money is wanted, but because honour should be given to Him who never fails those who put their trust in Him. When God begins a work He shows that all the means are included in His plan. To be unduly anxious when following the pillar of cloud is surely wrong; let us haste to go forward and we shall be provided for.

Writing in 1898 Mr. Bergmann said :—

"Some time ago I literally for the first time came to the end of my resources, and for some days I kept back the manuscript of Isaiah, fearing to get into debt. I was much in prayer for the Lord to show me a token for good; and while thus praying the thought came into my mind that if I had the money before I gave the manuscript to the printers, it would not be faith on my part. I again prayed that the Lord would give me a more child-like trust in His gracious promises, and then took the manuscript to the printers. The very hour the compositor commenced to set up the type a friend wrote a letter which I received the same evening enclosing a cheque for £50." Mrs. Bergmann adds these interesting particulars :—

"I well remember all the circumstances relating to this last incident. My husband had made a resolve in commencing the work never to go into debt, and had determined that if the funds at any time were insufficient to meet the outgoing expenditure for stereotyping, printing, binding, etc., he would take it as an indication from the Lord to stop the work; and it was with this condition that the business arrangement was made with the printer. So far he had been supplied with manuscript as fast as he could set up the type, and when the manuscript of Isaiah was kept back he came to our house

for it and afterwards sent his son, as they were waiting to go on with the work. For about a week it was withheld, and I think I was almost as anxious about it as my dear husband, as during that time only one or two very small sums had come in. The day came when he took the manuscript of Isaiah to the printers in faith that, as the Lord had given him the work to do, He would supply the means. The same evening a letter came which I opened, and to my joy saw a cheque for £50. I could hardly wait patiently for my husband's return from the meeting he was attending. When he saw the cheque he was almost overcome with gratitude to God; it was such a direct manifestation of sanction and control in respect to this work. The exact sum required for setting up the whole of Isaiah and stereotyping it was £50, and the letter containing the cheque was sent off at 2 o'clock—the very hour that the compositor began to put the manuscript in type."

In the year 1899 the whole of the New Testament was published in Yiddish. The first edition of 5,000 copies was speedily exhausted, the Mildmay Mission to the Jews taking half the issue. Soon after the book had left the press the Rev. Samuel Wilkinson wrote to the translator :—

"DEAR MR. BERGMANN,—You remember that we had 2,500 of your New Testament printed from the plates, and think you had the same number printed at the same time for your own use. We sent at once two copies to Russia for it to be passed through the Censor's Office, and I have now received a letter from our brother Levinsky saying that he has got the permit of the Censor, which must be printed on all Testaments sent into the country. It must

appear on the fly-leaf in Russian as well as in Jargon. Would it not be well to do this with all the copies that both we and you have printed, and get it done at once? But how? And who would do it for us? Perhaps you can kindly advise me in this matter. I enclose the matter for printing."

This was readily done and several editions of the Word of Life were printed with the Russian as well as the Yiddish title page and these obtained a wide circulation throughout that Empire. By diligent toil Mr. Bergmann completed his task, but not without the usual experiences of trial.

The brink of failure is the opportunity when success appears and after a triumph the enemy is active. Unhasting but unstayed the humble man toiled on and God was with him.

One bright spot brightens these months of toil when Mr. and Mrs. Bergmann paid a visit to the late Miss Boobbyer at Malvern.

In *Broken Purposes* this remarkable woman says:—

"Late one Saturday evening in 1902, a letter was put into my hand asking if I could receive Mr. Bergmann at Dulwich House during the fellowship week, as it was then arranged for him to take a meeting in Malvern. For a moment I was in dismay—every room in my small house was packed with China missionaries and their family. Literally there was 'no room in the inn.' Nevertheless, the Master's call was recognized. I dared not refuse so devoted a son of Abraham. Moreover, I had had a slight correspondence with him, and after a few minutes' hesitation a glad 'Yes' to all the Lord had said was returned. The following morning,

when the whole family came up as usual to exchange greetings, I told my story; then turning to the parents and their son, said that I felt sure he would not mind a bedroom close at hand, so that an honoured missionary to the Jews could be accommodated under this roof. They expressed delight to share in such a privilege. So our new friend came, for which I must ever thank God. He had a tiny room at the top of the house, a true prophet's chamber, overlooking a grand sweep of country, and long before others were up in the morning, he was busy with his loved work for Israel, while during the short time he was downstairs for meals, his conversation stirred all hearts."

Of this visit Mrs. Bergmann relates the following example of the timing of gracious Providence :—

"In the long hours of unwonted leisure the translation made rapid progress, and at the end of the first week there was a goodly show of accomplished work in the form of manuscript. Holding it up, a remark was made to this effect :—'Do you know that what I have translated this week will cost nearly £20 to set up in type without reckoning the printing!' I should state here that in going to Malvern at this time there was no thought of holding meetings, but the sole object of the dear friend who sent the invitation was that the rest and change should be the means of giving the translation a good lift forward. This was accomplished beyond expectation. Ezekiel was finished, and the translation of nearly the whole of the minor Prophets was completed. Now comes in what we

must consider as the Lord's leading in providing the funds for setting up this manuscript in type. The exact sum required to set up and electrotype what had been accomplished during the month's stay at Malvern was £102; however the Yiddish Bible Fund, though being rapidly drawn upon, was not yet exhausted.

"At the end of the first week a prayer meeting was attended, at which friends were met. The outcome of this was that without any suggestion from my husband or expectation, two small meetings were arranged at which he was invited to give an account of his work; and the result from these and other sources was that, by the time we left, the funds contributed by the hands of the Lord's servants in Malvern itself amounted exactly to the sum of £102 0*s.* 10*d.*

"With the outstretched arm supplying this, I think we may hear a loving echo of our Lord's rebuke to Peter, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

The whole of the Old Testament had been translated by the end of 1898 and an edition of 10,000 copies put into circulation. This version was designed for Jews inhabiting Germany, Austria, Hungary, Roumania and the Balkan Provinces. This done, there was a further demand for the Old Testament in a dialect understood by Russian Jews, and this additional task was calmly undertaken by Mr. Bergmann in faith that he would complete it, and finish it he did. A copy of the whole Bible when it came from the press was forwarded by Mr. Bergmann to his aged uncle, and with the Holy Scriptures he sent a brief account of the translator's passing from darkness into light. To the

letter accompanying the gift the Rabbi replied thus :—

"My Dear Nephew,—I cannot tell you how great the joy is which you have caused me by sending me such a beautiful Bible which you have translated into Yiddish. When you sent me some four years ago a part of the Holy Law, I never expected that you would have the patience to accomplish so great a matter. You have likewise caused me joy, mixed with grief, by sending me the little book about your own history. I well remember the incident mentioned when you pronounced the name of the Crucified One in conjunction with the sacred name of Jehovah, for which reason I then gave you a box on the ear. But I am deeply sorry that you should have suffered on this account for so many years, even to this day. I am now too old to ever hope to undertake a journey in order again to come and see you. But I have not abandoned the hope of your coming home again to be one with us. Great as the joy was to receive the handsomely bound Bible and the little book describing your history, together with a portrait of you, our joy would be far greater could I yet once more see you, and speak with you face to face, for I feel sure that as you have pleaded the cause of our poor suffering and persecuted people with those high in authority in London, and even appealed to that noble Lady, the Princess of Wales, sister to the former Empress of Russia, you cannot have become one of those idolaters who worship gods of wood and stone. By all these good works which you are doing we are assured that you cannot be so depraved as to forsake the God of your forefathers. What a happy life you might now have,

and how greatly honoured you will be if you now forsook the faith of those idolaters and return into the bosom of the synagogue. I cannot believe that you have become a traitor of your nation.

"I pray that during these days of solemnity you may be led to repentance. Surely the Chief Rabbi in London could impose upon you a penance and thus readmit you into the congregation of Israel.

"I am, with many entreaties,
"Your affectionate uncle,
"WOOLF BERGMANN."

A CALL TO ACTION

Jesus calls for helpers in the fight to-day,
Hear the call, my brothers, hear and now obey;
Let not doubt oppress you, look unto our God,
Treading in the footsteps where the Master trod.

CHORUS.
Jesus calls, my brothers,
Calls you now to arms;
Pass along the watchword,
Jesus calls to arms.

Jesus calls for helpers, who will now give ear?
There is nought can harm us while our Captain's near.
Rise, then, from your slumber, and no more delay,
Sin has slain its thousands all along the way.

Jesus calls for helpers, calls for men of might,
Human souls to rescue from their helpless plight.
Forward, then, my brothers, 'mid the war's alarms,
While the fight is raging, Jesus calls to arms.

Jesus calls for helpers, who will volunteer?
Let us raise the standard; what have we to fear?
Pass along the watchword; brothers, we shall win,
And by faith we'll triumph over every sin.

THE SILENT WITNESS ELOQUENT

Each holy purpose help us to fulfil!
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still!
Illuminate our minds, that we may see
All around us holy signs of Thee.
And may such witness in our lives appear,
That all may know Thou hast been with us here.

BOURNE.

We remember that things we prayed against, and fought against, have been our greatest blessings. We are driven to admit that whenever we got our way, it was gall and bitterness; but that whenever God had His, it was milk and honey.

F. B. MEYER.

CHAPTER VII

The Silent Witness Eloquent

Simple lives, complete and without flaw . . .
Who said not to the Lord as if afraid,
"Here is Thy talent, in a napkin laid,"
But laboured in their sphere, as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
LONGFELLOW.

In all the world there is nothing impossible.
It is only that the heart of man is wanting in resolution.
CHINESE CLASSIC.

Obligation is a ponderous roll of canvas which Love spreads aloft into a tent wherein he delights to dwell.

IN addition to rendering the Word of God into Yiddish and thus giving Israel an opportunity of hearing about the way of life, Mr. Bergmann had been busy in other ways. He, in addition to his useful labours as a missionary, became a personal friend of Pastor A. G. Brown, and a helper at the East London Tabernacle. In the work of that great church he took his full share, finding refreshment and recreation in any employment for his Master. And now and then by way of change he wrote and published booklets, some of which have been much blessed by God. A full list of his works fails to show all the concentration, energy and sanctified singleness of purpose displayed in his

life. Yet to the glory of God be it said that His servant has been able to publish the books hereafter named.

The following Scriptures and Gospel Tracts have been translated into Yiddish by Mr. Bergmann for free distribution among the Jews in all parts of the world :—

THE OLD TESTAMENT

The Pentateuch, Psalms, and the Complete Old Testament in two dialects.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

The four Gospels, Acts, Romans, Galatians, Hebrews, and the Complete New Testament.
The Promised Messiah—Hebrew, and Yiddish in two dialects.
Jesus the Son of God and King of Jews.
The Pilgrim's Progress, in portions.
Friendly Letters to Jews, various.
An Appeal to the House of Judah.
How did a Jew know that his sins were forgiven ?
The Shepherd and His Sheep.
The Prisoner of Omdurman.
Scriptures concerning the sufferings of the Messiah.
Story of the conversion and work of M. S. Bergmann and various other tracts.

BOOKLETS IN ENGLISH

The return of the Jews to Palestine.
A Yiddish Bible for the Jews.
The Jews and the Bible.
Story of the Conversion of a Jew in an American Prison.

In reference to this long-continued and incessant devotion to the one purpose that has occupied her husband's life, Mrs. Bergmann writes :—

"The question might here be asked, 'Does not this continual strain affect the health?' This question might well occur, for my husband has by no means a strong constitution—rather the reverse; in fact when he was examined shortly after we were married with a view to insuring his life, Dr. Habershon would not give him the necessary certificate but put him off for some months, and the diagnosis was very unsatisfactory.

"In the early years of mission work he had several temporary breakdowns, but this is not uncommon at the commencement. I have heard more than one missionary say that the constant breathing of foul air in sick-rooms, and courts and alleys has more effect at first on the health than when they get hardened to it. He had a very trying and severe illness during the time when the sugar refineries were all being closed, and hundreds of poor Germans were thrown out of work. One poor fellow whom he visited was lying in a shocking state, suffering from abscesses in the legs: before leaving him my husband in pity redressed the wounds. For some time after this he himself suffered severely from abscesses; however he would not give way till obliged; but his condition became so bad that he was compelled to take to his bed, and I had to raise his head to feed him. During these early years he also had several bad attacks of influenza; on one occasion when just recovering he insisted on going out into the chill and dense fog of a winter day, in spite of the strongest protest from his nurse, the immediate result of which was

a dangerous relapse. He was of course under medical advice on these occasions; if absolutely necessary he would always consult a doctor; but it is a remarkable fact that for the last twenty years his health has been so good that there has not been the slightest necessity to do so; he has not been during that time laid aside for one complete day; occasionally he has had a bad cold but nothing more serious. He has the great advantage of being able to command sleep at will, and this faculty has tended in no small degree to the conservation of his nerve and brain power, which serves to show how the Lord can and does equip for a special work. Only the other day we were walking on the lovely Malvern Hills, and he remarked, 'I think my eyesight is better and stronger than it was three or four years ago.' This in itself is marvellous, for the constant correcting of proofs in Hebrew characters must be very trying to the eyesight, the vowels being denoted by small points under, in, and over the consonants."

After all, work for God is a physical recuperation, as most ministers find; and the moral is only a part of the reward given to him who can say, "This one thing I do." Many of the maladies that weaken saints arise from idleness; those who are all and always busy in the service of the Gospel find nothing to complain about, but much wherein to rejoice. Try and see.

THROUGH HOLY FIELDS FOR HAPPY WORK

Give us now, now—to live in the life of God.
Give us now, now—to be at one with Him.

J. INGELOW.

Were he always at his best, what might not a man do! But not many can determine their moods; and he is compelled to discover that we did not create ourselves neither live by ourselves.

More than conquerors even now,
With the war sweat on our brow,
Onward o'er the well-marked road
March we as the host of God.

CHAPTER VIII

Through Holy Fields for Happy Work

Give to him who to you the Bible gave;
O, think from whence it came to you,
Do you love this precious Book to have?
Then restore it also to the Jew.

It is not the great battles alone that build up the world's history, nor great poems alone that make the generations grow. There is a still, small rain from heaven, that has more to do with the blessedness of nature, and of human nature, than the mightiest earthquake, or the loveliest rainbow.

THE following account of Mr. Bergmann's visit to the land of his fathers is full of interest, and is given in his own words :—

"Through the goodness of the Lord a long-cherished desire of my heart has been most unexpectedly fulfilled. It was on January 13 that I left home for a short tour in the Holy Land and Egypt, and I only knew of my going five days before. My visit to Palestine was manifestly of the Lord, for the invitation to join a small party of friends (among whom was the Rev. Archibald G. Brown) came on the very day I was correcting the proofs of the last chapter of the Revelation of

St. John, and thus, as the entire Bible was through the press, with the sanction of the L.C.M. Committee I was free to accept it. Had the time fixed for starting been only a few days earlier I could not have gone. I am indeed grateful for the manifestation of the Lord's favour, in that He has given me the joy of proclaiming the Gospel in the very streets of Jerusalem, and of personally circulating the Yiddish Bibles in Palestine and also in Egypt.

"On the evening of January 13 we arrived in Paris, and Sunday morning I spent with Jews, to whom for two hours I had a blessed opportunity of preaching the Gospel. On Monday, the 15th, we left Paris for Marseilles, which we reached at 10 p.m., and made our way at once to the *Argonaut*. Our party of seven, composed of the Rev. A. G. Brown, Mr. Lancaster, Mrs. Herman Lancaster, Mr. Ludbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Beale, of Bournemouth, and myself, were the only ones on board; the other passengers were not due until next day. Tuesday morning, as the passengers had not arrived, we landed in Marseilles, and I soon found some Jews near the Docks, to whom I spoke. At 12.45 the *Argonaut* left Marseilles.

"The sea was calm, the sun shining gloriously, and everybody seemed to be happy. I only longed to have my dear wife with me to share my happiness. The clear atmosphere enabled us to see a long distance, and the lovely scenery was delightful to gaze upon. I wish I could describe the sunsets; they were most glorious.

"The first place we touched at was Canea, the port of Crete. St. Paul's description of the inhabitants of this island is not very flattering (see Titus i. 10–14). We landed on Saturday, January 20. I found on inquiry that there were about sixty

Jewish families, and, it being the Sabbath, I made my way to the Jewish quarter, Pastor Archibald G. Brown and several others accompanying me. I found the synagogue, but, the service being over, it was closed. A few Jews gathered, and the Rabbi was called. After some conversation, the keys of the synagogue were fetched, and I was invited in. Soon a congregation of Jews assembled, and I was permitted to preach to them, pointing out from the Old Testament Scriptures that the Lord Jesus is the true Messiah promised to our fathers through Moses and the Prophets. The Rabbi did not speak Yiddish (though several of his flock did), but Hebrew, Greek, Italian, French and Arabic. Pastor A. G. Brown conversed with him in French and I in Hebrew. After having been thus engaged for over an hour in the synagogue, the Rabbi invited me to his house, and introduced me to his family. Several of the congregation accompanied us, refreshments were brought, and I was asked to pronounce the blessing in order to sanctify the Sabbath, which is as follows :—' Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast sanctified us by Thy commandments, and hast taken pleasure in us, and in love and favour hast given us the holy Sabbath as an inheritance, a memorial of the Creation—that day being also the first of the holy convocations in remembrance of the departure from Egypt. For Thou hast chosen us and sanctified us above all nations, and in love and favour hast given us Thy holy Sabbath as an inheritance. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hallowest the Sabbath.' A loud Amen was the response of all present. The Rabbi, a noble patriarchal-looking man, expressed himself very pleased with my visit to his house. No Jewish Missionary

has ever visited this place before. He gave me his address and requested me to send him a Hebrew New Testament. On taking leave, three of those present desired me to go home and dine with them; but as the friends were waiting for me to board the boat, I thanked them and was obliged to decline. Two of these Jews accompanied me to the landing-stage. They gave me their addresses, and I promised to send them Bibles.

* * * * *

"Sunday, January 21, we had a sweet day in testimony for the Master on board. The morning service was conducted by the clergy. The Rev. G. B. Berry, a dear man of God from Plymouth, gave a most beautiful exposition of Psalm xxiii. In the afternoon there was a special service for the crew, but a goodly number of the passengers gathered and helped to make it bright. This meeting was conducted by Mr. Lancaster, and Pastor Archibald G. Brown and other friends took part. The evening service was again conducted by the clergy of the Church of England, and Pastor Archibald Brown preached a most powerful sermon on 1 Peter ii. 24, 'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.'

* * * * *

"On Monday, January 22, we beheld the snow-covered peak of Mount Hermon in the distance, and a few hours later Mount Carmel came in view. What a thrill passed through me on sighting the land of my fathers! My feelings may be imagined but they cannot be described; they have been experienced by thousands before me. We did not reach Haifa (which is at the foot of Mount Carmel) till just before sunset, and landed there early the

next morning. Conveyances were ready to take the whole party overland, and Nazareth was reached in the afternoon. Here various places of deep interest were seen, but it made my heart sick to see the awful idolatry of the Greek and Latin Churches connected with these sacred sites and scenes. Even the reputed synagogue in which our blessed Lord pointed out the fulfilment of Isaiah lxi. is turned into an idolatrous Greek church. A Roman Catholic and a Greek church have been erected some distance apart, and each is claimed to stand upon the exact site which Joseph once occupied with his carpenter's workshop. Two distinct places are also pointed out as the spot where the Angel appeared to Mary.

" I learned that there was only one Jew in Nazareth, and it was not long before I found out the place where he lived. An Arab guide took me there. This Jew is rather an important official, being Lord Rothschild's agent for the Jewish colonies in Palestine. After some conversation about the state of the land and people, finding him open-minded, I introduced myself as a Missionary to Jews in London, and told him about the translation of the Bible. As he desired to see a copy, I went to the hospice where we put up, and soon brought one. I noticed his evident pleasure and appreciation of it, so I asked his acceptance of it, and he most heartily thanked me. I stayed with him, pointing out many of the Messianic prophecies from the Old Testament, and finding him not at all prejudiced I ventured to read to him from Luke iv. 16–30, telling him that I had, just before coming to see him, been in the very synagogue where the portion quoted from Isaiah lxi. was read, and that I was as sorry as he was that that sacred place is

now turned into an idolatrous Greek church. This man gave me a good deal of information about the sad state of the Jews in various parts of the land, and I did not leave him till it was quite dark.

"We stayed the night in Nazareth, the place we put up in being one of the Roman Catholic hospices, a kind of hotel for pilgrims. We were waited upon by Franciscan monks, one of whom I found spoke German, and I had some conversation with him at table. When I told him that though a Jew I believed in the Lord Jesus he was more interested, and desired to have a further talk with me later in the evening when he would be free. I told him the number of my room, and said I should be glad to see him there. At nine o'clock he came into my room, and I related to him how the Lord brought me to Himself, and informed him that I was now a Missionary to Jews in London. I also told him of my translation of the Bible, etc., and he said, 'You ought to be in the Roman Catholic Church.' I pointed out that the Lord Jesus Himself said, 'I am the door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved.' Then he quoted Matthew xvi. 18, 19, upon which all Roman Catholics build so much. I asked him whether he knew what immediately follows. He replied that he did not. So I read to him from my translation verses 21–27, and showed him that in verse 23 the Lord Jesus said to Peter, 'Get thee behind Me, Satan.' He could not credit that this passage is correctly given, but said he would examine it when he could get a correct copy of the New Testament. After reading many passages of Scripture, and expounding them, we had prayer together. This dear man did not leave my room until nearly midnight.

"Early next morning we started for Tiberias, but before leaving this place the Franciscan monk gave me his address, and asked me to send him some books from London. I do praise God for the blessed privilege of a conversation both with the Jew and with a Roman Catholic monk in Nazareth.

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"After a ride of many hours over rocky mountains and unmade roads in very rough conveyances, we reached the town of Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, about 2 p.m., passing on the road many scenes of deep interest, viz. Cana, where the first miracle was wrought, the Mount of Beatitudes, the place where the 5,000 were fed, etc., etc.

"Tiberias is one of the four holy Jewish cities, and was at one time the seat of the Sanhedrim. It has been the home and burial-place of many famous rabbis. Nestling amongst the hills on the south-west shore of the Sea of Galilee, it is so shut in that it is the hottest place in Palestine. There is a Jewish population about 3,500, and they have many small and two very large synagogues. I soon made my way to some Jewish shops. One can see here the real Pharisee, and also the rough Jewish fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, just as described in the Gospels. The first Jew I met with was very friendly and communicative. After some conversation I told him that I was a Missionary from England, and also that I had at the hospice a Yiddish Bible, which he expressed a desire to see. I fetched it, and in the shop, where in the meantime other Jews had gathered, it was examined. I turned to Isaiah liii. and other Messianic prophecies, from which I proved that the Messiah, whom we as Jews expect and daily pray for, had already

come at the time when the second Temple was still in Jerusalem, and that, according to Isaiah's, Daniel's and Zechariah's Prophecies, He suffered on account of our sins. The two sections of the Jewish community—viz. the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim—were represented in the little company. The former can only be reached in either Hebrew or Arabic, the latter in Yiddish, so the first Jew mentioned translated into Arabic what I stated. When I told him that I would present him with this copy of the Bible he stooped down to kiss my hand, and at once put it under his arms covering it with his flowing robe. He became my guide to other Jewish shops, where I bought small articles, and I then asked him to take me to the synagogue, which he did. We first went into the Sephardaic synagogue, and found a large assembly of Jews there, as a wedding was just about to take place. I spoke to some of them in Hebrew. Then we went to the other synagogue, which is almost next door. Here is the Russian and general Jewish college, the real Pharisees both young and old poring over large volumes of the Talmud. My Jewish guide introduced me as a friend from England on a visit to the Holy Land. I was soon surrounded by a motley crowd, and began by telling them something of the Jews and their circumstances in England. They seemed to be much interested. I then quoted the following passage from the Talmud: 'The world is to stand 6,000 years: 2,000—confusion (i.e. without the law), 2,000 with the law (i.e. the law only known to Israel), and 2,000—the days of the Messiah.' I said that according to this statement the Messiah was to have come 2,000 years after the law was given. I then turned to Moses and the Prophets, and had been thus engaged for

nearly an hour to an attentive and interested audience, when suddenly a number of fierce-looking Arab Jews rushed in with fury, and great quarrelling between the two sections began. I did not know the cause of it until my guide, who stood very near to shield me, explained that the cause of the quarrel was my presence in this holy synagogue. It had been noised abroad that a Missionary was there, and (humanly speaking) had it not been for my guide I think they would have torn me to pieces. Whilst this quarrelling between the two sections of the Jews was going on, my guide asked me to slip out at the back of the synagogue. I did so, but, to my great dismay, I found that there was no way out, as the sea came right up to the synagogue wall. I knelt down on the stone wall and prayed. I was on my knees for about ten minutes, after which I again ventured into the synagogue, for there was no other way out. I have never realized a more gracious answer to prayer than at this time. I must confess, however, that I felt a bit of a coward, for I had feared to face again the angry mob of Arab Jews. On re-entering I found the Arabs had gone, and a larger number of Russian Jews were in the synagogue. Even some of these were now disputing among themselves about some of the passages I had previously pointed out. The question was now put to me whether I believed that the Messiah had already come. I calmly answered that it is plainly stated in the book of Daniel that the Messiah was to be cut off before the second Temple was destroyed. I was then asked who this Messiah is, I replied, 'Jesus of Nazareth, who was rejected by our nation and crucified outside Jerusalem.' These Russian Jews now became furious, and when my guide saw that

I was likely to be assailed he took me quietly to the door, and led me away to his own house, which was some distance from the synagogue, and took me up to the roof. There we stayed nearly half an hour and had prayer together. When he thought the crowd had dispersed he took me back to the hospice.

"The United Free Church of Scotland has a medical mission and hospital in this place, and is doing a good and quiet work. The Missionary, Mr. John Cohen, came to see me in the evening, and he told me of the difficulty of reaching some of the fanatical Jews. He was surprised at my venturing into such a hornets' nest as that synagogue is. I have been much in prayer that my efforts among these Pharisees may not have been in vain. Mr. Cohen told me that he had some copies of my first translation of the Bible, and I promised to send him some of my second version, if the Lord will. I was introduced by him to a Christian Turkish policeman, with whom I had a nice talk. I mentioned that a number of our English policemen are Christian men, and he asked me to bear his greetings to them.

"Early the next morning we left Tiberias in the boats on the Sea of Galilee. The boatmen were all Jews—rough, ignorant fishermen. I had a little talk with them, telling them that nearly 1900 years ago the Messiah had chosen just such men as they were to preach to the Jews the good news of salvation. We were in these boats about three hours, traversing the whole extent of the lake. We then continued our journey by train in very primitive open carriages, a distance of about twenty miles, when we had to take to horse-riding, as there was no made road. I had never before sat on horse-

back, and it was a new experience in my life. We did not reach our destination (an Arab village called Jenin) until about eight in the evening, and my tired and painful condition can be better imagined than described.

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"Early next morning we were off again on horseback for Nablus (or Shechem), in Samaria, which we did not reach till just before sunset. I met here with some Samaritan Jews, and there is also a goodly number of Russian and Roumanian Jews and many German Gentiles. The hotel was kept by a German. Shechem was once an important city of Canaan, and is mentioned in the early history of Abraham (Gen. xii. 6), and in the time of Jacob (Gen. xxxiii. 18) it is actually called the City of Shechem. It was largely connected with the family life of Jacob, and in its neighbourhood his flocks were pastured. It was hither that Jacob sent his son Joseph to see how his brethren and the flocks fared.

"Shechem is near Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal. From this place we continued our journey to Jerusalem on horseback, but by this time I had got quite used to the saddle though it was not a very comfortable one. Not far from Shechem we came to Jacob's Well, and saw the village of Sychar on a hill a short distance away. The well is in the possession of the Greek Church, but, like many of the sacred places and scenes connected with the life and ministry of our blessed Lord, it is open to visitors and pilgrims. Sitting on this well, tired and wearied by the journeyings of the last few days, we could more fully comprehend John iv. 6, and looking down into the depths of the well—

for the Greek priest let down a cluster of lighted candles by a long line, which took some little time to reach the water—we could also see the force of the woman's remark in verse 11. We lingered a little while at this sacred spot in holy meditation, for it was made sacred to us by the knowledge that our Lord and Master, in the weariness of His earthly travels, sat on this very well, and memory dwelt upon the blessed results of His quiet heart-searching talk with the woman of Sychar.

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"We resumed our long and weary journey towards Jerusalem, which we did not reach till some time after dark. There seems to be no twilight here, but as soon as the sun goes down darkness sets in. About two hours before sunset the Mount of Olives appeared in sight, and after a while the domes of the mosques, and of the various churches of Jerusalem itself, came into full view. As I gazed upon the dome which was pointed out as the Mosque of Omar, on the very site of the Temple, I thought of Mount Moriah, made sacred by the footsteps of Abraham when he ascended with Isaac and bound him as a sacrifice at the Lord's own command. I thought of David in his might, and Solomon in his glory and wisdom; of Isaiah who was sawn asunder in the gloomy valley; of the host of prophets who have trodden in the streets of Jerusalem, or wandered upon the surrounding hills which were now in full view before me. Rapidly memory recalled to my mind the history of the mighty past; the numerous sieges of the city, and the carrying away into captivity both of Israel into Assyria and of Judah into Babylon; the destruction of the walls and the Holy Temple, and the rebuilding by Ezra;

the fulfilment of Daniel's vision of the coming of the Messiah. His sudden appearance and coming to His Temple, filling with glory the latter House, thus making it greater than the former, events foretold by the prophets Haggai and Malachi. How thrilling to think we were gazing on the very scenes of our blessed Lord's earthly ministry, His sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension!

"But when we came nearer and saw the awful desolation, I could no longer look upon the city with the same feeling I had when first beholding it. The words of Jeremiah rose to my lips: 'How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in His anger! Is this the city that men call perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?' I mourned over the departed glory of my people. With a heart full of sadness we reached our destination and entered the Hôtel du Parc. This was on Saturday evening, January 27. I found two Missionaries awaiting me—one Mr. D. C. Joseph, a dear old friend whom I have known ever since 1868, and the other Mr. Thompson, an American gentleman, who has been labouring here for some few years among the Jews with much encouragement. After partaking of some refreshment, these dear brethren took me out, though in the dark, to show me the walls of Jerusalem and the buildings of the London Jews' Society. I promised to address the meeting of Jews and Arabs on the following Lord's Day evening at the Jewish Mission.

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"On Sunday morning I got up before six—it was still dark—and went around to see the walls of Jerusalem. I think I felt just as sad as did Nehemiah of old. As I got nearer the Jewish quarter I found

some Jews wending their way to the synagogue. I accosted one of them (a typical Pharisee) with these words in Hebrew ; שׁוֹטטוּ בְּחוּצוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַיִם וּרְאוּ־נָא וּדְעוּ וּבַקְשׁוּ בִּרְחֹבוֹתֶיהָ אִם־תִּמְצְאוּ אִישׁ אִם־יֵשׁ עֹשֶׂה מִשְׁפָּט מְבַקֵּשׁ אֱמוּנָה וְאֶסְלַח לָהּ׃ 'Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man, if there be any that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth ; and I will pardon it' (Jer. v. 1). I then put the question whether such a man as described by the Prophet could even now be found in Jerusalem. The man looked at me in great astonishment, and asked me who I was, and whence I came. I told him I had come from England that I might behold the state of the land and people, and that my heart was sad at the desolation I had seen. I quoted several other passages, and the man became interested. Instead of going to the synagogue, he came with me to the hotel for further quiet talk, and I gave him a copy of *The Promised Messiah* in Hebrew, which he was very pleased to accept. When I told him that I was a Missionary, he remarked : " That does not matter, for I see you want to do us good ; but what we do not like, is the idolatry of these Christians who have set up everywhere in Jerusalem those hateful abominations." I replied that though believing the Lord Jesus, whom our forefathers had rejected, to be the true Messiah, yet I also considered the practices of these so-called Christians as idolatry ; but looking away from these things, what we needed was to examine the Scriptures and see whether the prophecies which are recorded in Moses and the Prophets had not had their fulfilment

in Jesus of Nazareth. Here I showed him a copy of my translation of the Bible, and this led to our examining various passages together. On leaving, I presented him with this Yiddish Bible, and he very thankfully accepted it.

" My heart is full of gratitude and praise that the Lord thus permitted me, even in the streets of Jerusalem, personally to put the Word of God into the hands of this Jew, who, I found, was one of the numerous rabbis there.

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" At 10 a.m. I went to the English service at Christ Church, Mount Zion, which belongs to the London Jews' Society. During the whole of the service I could not keep back the tears that welled up, caused by the sad condition of the city and the Jewish people in it. I prayed most earnestly that the Lord might arise and have mercy upon Zion, and restore His Divine presence to Jerusalem.

" In the afternoon we went to Bethlehem, which is not very far from Jerusalem. There is not a single Jew living there at the present time. The chief attraction to visitors is the Church of the Nativity—a vast and most gorgeous edifice which is divided into three sections, the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, each having a chapel in this building. Each section points to a spot marked by a large star formed of silver and precious stones as the place where the Lord Jesus is supposed to have been born. To keep the different bodies of worshippers from coming into contact with one another it is necessary always (day and night) to have several Turkish soldiers with loaded rifles standing at various points. I could write much of what I have seen here, which, though of deep interest to the general sightseer,

has, I am sorry to say, no charm for me; for this idolatry with which all these sacred spots are now associated makes my heart sick and sad.

"A short distance from Bethlehem, on our way back to Jerusalem, we saw Rachel's tomb (see Genesis xlviii. 7).

"In the evening, though it was pouring in torrents, I went to the Jewish Mission, an iron building plain and simple in every respect, but I felt a holy joy in seeing a goodly number of Jews and Moslems gathered for a simple Gospel service. It was a novel one to me, and was conducted throughout in English and Arabic. First in English, and then Arabic, the hymn 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' was sung. Prayer, too, was offered in the same order, and there was the reading of the Word of God. Then the Missionary, Mr. Thompson, a dear man of God from America, gave a short address, which was translated, sentence by sentence, into Arabic by the native evangelist, who understands English well. After this address, Mr. Thompson introduced me, and requested me to tell of the Lord's dealings with me. I found that among the Jews present some understood Yiddish and also Hebrew, so I spoke in English, Hebrew, and Yiddish alternately. What joy this simple service was to me after all the gorgeous ceremonials I had witnessed during the day! The Missionary, Mr. Thompson, asked me if I would come again on the Tuesday evening, when they would make an effort to get a good meeting of Jews and others. I promised conditionally—that is, if I should be in Jerusalem at the time.

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"On Monday morning, January 29, we went over the Kedron to the side of the Mount of Olives, and

into the Garden of Gethsemane. Needless to say we trod this ground with holy awe. The sacred sites are marked as usual by gorgeous Greek and Roman churches and monasteries. We find, indeed, that the greater number of the sacred historic sites, both within and without the city of Jerusalem, now belong to the Russians, and they have erected huge barrack-like hospices for pilgrims. The Mount of Olives seems to be a network of fortifications with military-like barracks. On the summit stands the Church of the Ascension with its lofty steeple, which can be seen for very many miles around, at the top of which an enormously big bell has been placed, most likely for the purpose of giving a signal. All this has been done with the full knowledge and evident sanction of the Sultan when that Government was afraid of the Russian power.

"On that sacred Mount of Olives we stood for a short time, and had a full view of the city of Jerusalem. Here, again, our thoughts went back to Him who, when He beheld the city, wept over it, knowing the desolation that would follow. Sad, indeed, was the sight to our own eyes, and I prayed earnestly that the people who are now strangers in the land may be led to hail Him, and say, 'Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord.'

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"The Turkish rule is, indeed, a curse to the land. We were told that every olive tree—indeed, every kind of fruit tree—is heavily taxed, and people in many instances cut down their trees, for the amount of the tax often exceeds the value of the yield.

"On returning from this mountain we visited the tombs of the kings, also the Garden Tomb, which

seems to be the most likely spot where our blessed Lord was laid.

" In the afternoon we went down to Jericho. I can now more fully understand the reference to this journey, as given in Luke x., of the poor man who fell among thieves, for, in addition to the four or five dragomen, we had two Turkish soldiers to escort us. The road, though very rough, was all downhill, and we reached Jericho in about three hours. We had seventeen conveyances—not, certainly, such carriages as we see in England. Among the seventeen drivers were six Jews. At the end of our journey for the day, I had a little talk with these Jews, and as we had arranged to stay there over night, I suggested that we should have a meeting. They told me of two Jews who lived near the hotel, and after supper I was invited to these resident Jews ; several of the friends accompanied me. We soon filled a good-sized room, where I was enabled for more than two hours to preach the Gospel to these Jews in Yiddish, hearing and answering their questions, and proving to them that the Messiah has already come in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, in the days of His flesh, was even in this place, for we read of it in the New Testament. Here I read Luke xix. 1–10, and gave an exposition of it. I quoted several passages from the Talmud, and also asked for the Prayer-Book for the Day of Atonement, which was handed to me, and I read important passages from it to prove that the Messiah had already come. The friends who were with me were greatly astonished to see the earnest attention these Jews gave to the message of the Gospel.

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" The next morning, Tuesday the 30th, we again

started before sunrise on our way towards the Dead Sea and the Jordan. It was glorious to see the sun rising on the mountains of Moab, but the experiences of that journey it is impossible to describe. For hours we travelled in our rough vehicles over the most trying and difficult desert way. Frequently we essayed to go on foot, but each step caused us to sink deeper into the miry clay, which clung to our feet and greatly impeded our progress. At last we reached the shores of the Dead Sea, and, indeed, everything looked dead around it. The water was quite warm, but it had a nasty slimy feel, and was difficult to wipe off. There is just a temporary hut as a kind of bazaar for the sale of articles of interest. I purchased a few pieces of prettily designed dark pottery, which had been manufactured from the black muddy clay at the bottom of the sea. I soon found that the owner of this bazaar was a Jew—in fact all these traders are Jews, and I had a talk with them also. We then proceeded to the Jordan along the same rough and difficult desert road, the journey taking us much longer than we anticipated. We reached that part of the Jordan which was pointed out to us as the very place where Israel crossed on dry land, after the forty years' wandering in the wilderness, and we were told that this was the same place where the Lord Jesus was baptized by John. Here the owner of the bazaar was a Jew who prided himself on being able to speak several languages. He had among other things, pictures to sell representing the baptism of Christ, and he stated that this was the scene of the memorable event. I had a long talk with him on the subject, pointing out the account of it in Matthew iii., and when he looked at my Bible he was astonished to find that the incident which he as a Jew had scornfully alluded to was

really recorded in Yiddish. I left him St. Matthew's Gospel, for which he thanked me.

"As we again passed through Jericho on our way back to Jerusalem, the Jews there were waiting for us. They had put up a little bag of seeds, which they gave me as a memento of our meeting. The friends were greatly pleased at this, and many prayers, I feel sure, will go up that the precious seed of the Gospel which the Lord has enabled me to sow here in the wilderness may spring up and bear abundant fruit to the glory and praise of our blessed Lord, who Himself in the days of His flesh trod these very roads and preached to the multitudes who followed Him.

"The return journey from Jericho was most arduous, as it was all uphill, and it took us far longer than we expected; we had to walk a good part of the rough road, so it was nearly eight o'clock before we came near to Jerusalem. I here had a most startling experience. We formed a procession of seventeen vehicles—four passengers in each—and I happened to be in the thirteenth with Mr. Archibald Brown and two others of our party. A little distance outside the city there were three men waiting in the dark with a carriage, who held up each of our conveyances in turn, shouting my name, until the one reached them in which I was. On hearing my name called, I shouted out 'Yes,' when two men, merely saying 'We want you,' literally lifted me from my seat and dragged me into the carriage that was waiting, and before I could realize what had happened I was being furiously driven off. My friends were a little alarmed. It will be remembered that I had promised conditionally to address a meeting on this same Tuesday evening, but I had given up all thought of being able to do so. I soon learned,

however, that it was to this meeting I was being driven at such break-neck speed, as there was a large gathering of Jews waiting for me to address them. They had been kept together since seven o'clock, friends singing to them and giving addresses. I was decidedly not fit to address a meeting, having risen at 4.30, and having been on the move ever since 5.30 that morning; but when I entered the hall, and saw it well filled with Jews, I forgot my weariness and hunger, and felt only the joy of proclaiming the blessed Gospel. This experience will not be effaced from my memory. At the close of the meeting, which I addressed for about three-quarters of an hour, the Missionary (Rev. E. A. Thompson) asked those who wished to have a copy of the Yiddish Bible to give their names, and a number did so. After partaking of some refreshment I was just wishing Mr. Thompson good-bye when he remarked that two large cases of books had been delivered at his house that day, and he would like me to see what they were. To my great joy I found that they were my translation of the Bible (first version). They had been sent through the Salvation Army, and must have come in a round-about way from some other Mission station; but the marvel to me is that they should have arrived so opportunely, and I do praise the Lord for this experience of His goodness. These Bibles will be distributed among the Jews.

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"Wednesday morning, January 31, I spent in visiting Jewish shops, and everywhere without exception I met with a hearty reception. I could see that the faithful labours of Mr. C. D. Joseph, who had worked here for many years, had been abundantly blessed, for everywhere he was kindly spoken of.

"At noon we got ready to start off by train to Jaffa (or Joppa), where the *Argonaut* was waiting to take us to Egypt. In Joppa we were conducted to the housetop of Simon the tanner, where Peter had the vision. There can be little doubt that this is the very house ; it is close to the sea, and answers the description.

"We boarded the *Argonaut* about 4.30, and at once steamed off to Port Said, which was reached on Thursday morning. What a contrast to our late experiences was now presented to our view ! Beautiful houses, well-kept streets, and everything clean and attractive. The land of the oppression of my fathers appears to enjoy prosperity and blessing, and is a great contrast to the Land of Promise, which is now, alas ! under the curse.

"A special corridor-train (of Birmingham make) was waiting to take us on to Cairo, and it ran along a good distance in close proximity to the Suez Canal ; then after passing some miles of sandy desert, flat and uninteresting, we came to beautiful scenery, which I was told was the Land of Goshen. After a pleasant ride of several hours in comfort, we reached Cairo about three o'clock in the afternoon, and made for our hotel. We were then taken at once to the Museum, as it was about to be closed for the next few days. This is a most interesting place, full of antiquities. We saw the mummies of the Pharaohs and others, with the features so distinctly preserved that they might have only recently departed this life. Some of these, we were told, are over 4,000 years old. We were also taken to see the ancient mosques and other interesting sights.

"We found we had come here just at the time of an important festival, which the Mohammedans keep in commemoration of Abraham offering up his son

Isaac, and as a memorial of this a lamb is sacrificed in every house, and the flesh given to the poor. As this is a great holiday, the whole city seemed given up to festivity, gaily dressed people crowding the streets, bazaars, and market-places. It was an amusing sight to see in these market-places the barbers busy in the open air, both customer and operator squatting down face to face. This holiday lasts for three days, but there is no cessation of business. Cairo seems to be the very citadel of the god of this world. As we drove through the streets we saw hundreds of men and women sitting outside the numerous drinking-saloons, drinking and gambling in the open air. We were told that this is going on from early morning to late at night.

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"On Friday morning we went to the Pyramids —those most ancient monuments of Egypt which have stood in their majestic strength for thousands of years. They are built of huge square stones, and can be seen from a great distance. We followed a long line of vehicles of every description. It was interesting, as in Palestine, to see the strings of camels bearing merchandise as in the days of old; each camel was tied to the tail of the preceding one, thus forming a long procession, which was headed by a small donkey.

"Upon reaching the Pyramids we were surrounded by Arabs, looking picturesque in their clean white garments, who were ready to help us to climb the huge stones to the aperture which forms the entrance to the chambers of the kings. I was taken hold of, as were the others, and pulled up by a couple of these Arabs—one on either side, while a third assisted by propelling us from behind.

I was glad when the entrance was reached; but a little experience of the dark, rough passage way and the suffocating atmosphere was enough, and, like many others, I soon gave it up and begged to be taken down again; this was allowed after we had parted with sufficient 'baksheesh' to satisfy each our respective guides.

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"We returned to Cairo in the afternoon, and as I had previously ascertained that there was a large Jewish community there, I made my way to the Jewish quarter. There, as in Palestine, I found the Jews were ready and willing to listen to the message of the Gospel. Just before sunset I went into the service in the synagogue, after which I had an interesting conversation with several Jews, pointing out to them a passage in that evening's service which has special reference to the Messiah;

הִתְנַעֲרִי מֵעָפָר קוּמִי לִבְשִׁי בִּגְדֵי תִפְאַרְתֵּךְ עַמִּי עַל יַד בֶּן יִשַׁי
בֵּית הַלַּחְמִי קָרְבָה אֶל נַפְשִׁי גְּאָלָהּ:

'Shake thyself from the dust, arise, put on the garments of thy glory, O my people. Through the Son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, draw nigh unto My soul, redeem it.'

"I showed them that here it is plainly pointed out that the Redeemer was to come from Bethlehem. I said that only that week I was in Bethlehem, and I found that not a single Jew resides there now. So, as the expected Messiah, according to Micah v., must be born there, how can this prophecy be now fulfilled? When I told them that I had come from London, they asked me what I thought of the Zionist movement. I said that I took a deep

interest in the subject. I was then invited to attend a special meeting, which was to be held in the synagogue on the following evening at eight o'clock, and which had been purposely convened to discuss this subject.

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"On Saturday morning we took a special steamer on the Nile to visit ancient Memphis, the tombs, and the Pyramids at Shakhara. To reach these monuments we had to ride on donkeys for three or four hours through the sandy deserts. This was to me a more trying experience than my first ride on horseback in Palestine, but I should not like to have missed the wonderful sights we saw there. We did not get back to Cairo till about 7 p.m. Soon after eight I went to the synagogue to be present at the Zionist meeting, where I found about three hundred Jews assembled. After some discussion I was allowed to speak. I told them that I had only just come from the land upon which every patriotic Jewish eye is centred, especially during the last few years, owing to the recent terrible persecutions. But I had observed in my going through Palestine in what a desolate state the land is; it seemed that the curse of God was upon it, and to go back under present conditions, unreconciled to God, and consequently under His displeasure, would not in the least improve our condition. I reminded them that they are in the very land where our fathers were in bondage, and which is looked upon as the land of our first captivity. As I saw I had gained their attention, I was emboldened to read the greater part of Acts vii., which deals with what took place in this very land, and perhaps this city. I then turned to Jeremiah xxv. and showed that

God threatened, and carried into effect, another period of captivity of seventy years' duration; and at the end there was a Zionist movement, when our fathers came back and rebuilded the Temple. I also showed that according to the prophecies of Daniel, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi, the Messiah came, but we as a nation rejected Him, and ever since the destruction of the second Temple we have been scattered among the nations, and the Land of Promise has been under a curse even as I myself had so recently seen it. I said that all the efforts that we as Zionists may put forth cannot avail except we return to God in the new covenant as mentioned in Jeremiah xxxi. I spoke for over half-an-hour without being interrupted, but as it was then past eleven and I was some distance from my hotel I left the meeting, two Jews accompanying me to see me safely back. I felt that the Lord had been with me, and had given me a special message.

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"On Sunday morning I, with some of our company, went to the English service at the Presbyterian Church. In the afternoon I was again in the Jewish quarter, and some Jews recognizing me, from seeing me the previous night, accosted me. I thought that as I had plainly stated my belief that the Messiah had already come I should meet with opposition, but to my great astonishment one of these Jews invited me to have tea with him, and others soon joined us, and we were again in animated friendly discussion about the Truth. I had with me a copy of the *Promised Messiah*, which I gave to my host; the others wanted copies also. They gave me their addresses, and I promised to send these to them, also Bibles. I found that there is

a very great awakening and spirit of inquiry, and readiness to receive the Word of God, wherever I have been. I only regret that I had not more time, both in Palestine and in Egypt, to spend with my Jewish brethren, as I had so much to encourage me.

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"On Monday morning we prepared to return to Port Said where the *Argonaut* was waiting to take us on our voyage. We embarked about 5 p.m. and were once again on the high sea. On Wednesday we landed at Santarino, a volcanic but picturesque island belonging to Greece. We had to climb a very steep zig-zag path before we reached the top. We were on the island about three hours, visiting the places of interest. There are no springs of water or wells on this island, and the inhabitants are dependent on the rain for their water supply.

"Another day on the sea brought us to the Piræus, near Athens. Here we spent a whole day, seeing the ruins of ancient temples, etc. We also stood on Mars Hill, where Paul preached. Modern Athens is the finest city I have ever seen, with its numerous beautiful buildings of solid marble. Even some of the fine private residences are built of beautiful white marble. I learned that there are about one thousand Jews here.

"Late in the evening we again put to sea, and for the whole of our homeward voyage (about four days) it was fearfully stormy. On Sunday, February 11, we had it very stormy, but in spite of it we again had a blessed time on board. The morning service was conducted by the clergy. The afternoon meeting for the crew was in the hands of Mr. Lancaster, and again several brethren took part in it. Mr. Beale, Mayor of Bournemouth, read most

impressively Isaiah lv. and Miss Carlyle sang a solo with wonderful effect. In the evening Pastor Archibald Brown conducted the service, in which Mr. Berry took part. The sermon preached by Mr. Brown was a most powerful one on the Transfiguration of Christ. I may here remark that the dear Pastor was hardly fit to preach, having been in bed the whole day, but we all realized that the Lord made His strength perfect in the weakness of His servant. We were glad indeed to reach Marseilles again, which we did on Tuesday, February 13. Late the same evening we arrived in Paris, and on the following day I was glad to be safely at home again with my dear wife and family."

* * * * *

That the impression made by Mr. Bergmann's visit will not be merely of a temporary character we feel confident from the close attention given in so many places to his expositions of the prophets, and testimony that we are correct in this conviction has already come from a Jew at Jericho, who has written the following touching letter to Mr. Bergmann since his return :—

"We are indeed very sorry, dear Sir, that you so soon departed from us. It seems almost as if it had been a dream.

"If you had only tarried among us for three or four days our eyes might have been fully opened to see how to find the right way to come to true repentance.

"Since your departure we have not been able to sleep at night, but are constantly thinking how we may come to true repentance. But, alas! we must have a teacher to explain the matter to us,

either personally or by correspondence, and show us what to do.

" We hope you will not forget to send us the Bible you promised us.

" It is our desire that other of our Jewish brethren will come to settle here among us, who will through us also have a wish to come to true repentance.

" If you should come to Jericho again you may, perhaps, find a complete number (of ten Jews who will) walk in the right way.

" We heartily greet all the friends who were with you at our house."

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds them,
Himself, his hungering neighbour and Me.

The best way to please God and secure happiness is by making others happy. The man who makes others happy deserves to be happy.

REV. C. W. MARTIN.

The Spirit is so near to every man, so present, so lovingly vigilant, that no one is secure from His surprises.

REV. H. ELVET LEWIS.

The living soul finds rest in the living God.

REV. J. MORGAN GIBBON.

No man should preach the Gospel as an apologist; when he gets into the pulpit, let Christ be King. A minister should preach not to receive the "Hear, hears" of applause, but the "Amen" of surrender.

REV. A. T. GUTTERY.

THE OPENING DOOR ; SHALL IT BE CLOSED

Thou, O Sun, can'st renovate
All that high Heaven did first create,
Transforming what thou did'st infold;
Life out of death—new out of old.

When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to Him and converse with Him; speak to Him when I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes; and have often more delight in coming out of my chamber—though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awakening—than I have enjoyed for whole days, or perhaps weeks of my life."

DR. DODDRIDGE (*Correspondence*).

CHAPTER IX

The Opening Door ; shall it be Closed

The Bread of Life can ne'er be lost
  Though scattered far and wide,
And thou shalt surely find again
  Each crumb thou hast supplied,
It may be after many days;
  But trust thy faithful Lord,
The souls which thou hast fed with Christ
  Shall be thy great reward.

We do not fear them. We will play the man and fight for the cause of our God and Jehovah, do that which pleases Him.

ANDREW FULLER.

IT is supposed that there are no less than twelve millions of Jews in the world, the greater number of them clustered in swarms about Central and Eastern Europe. Of those who inhabit the dominions of the Czar, in all about five millions, the vast majority are to be found in towns and cities, so that they are where they can receive blessing and when converted will exert most influence. Thus numerically, and by their location, the Jews are a most powerful element in the life of the world, and it is of the highest importance that they should be made pure and holy. Shut out, as most of them are from the book which alone

declares the Divine will, they are bound to degenerate, for human nature has no innate holiness and no power of self-repair. But if these earnest, persistent sons of Jacob can be evangelized, they are placed where they can come into vital contact with the greatest number of people. Owing to the difficulties of their circumstances, not to speak of the hatred born of centuries of ill usage and persecution, it is almost impossible to send them sufficient missionaries, and these have an iron wall to break down. Very few Jews understand Bible Christianity, and the convert and missionary are suspected of idolatry. Happily where man cannot go the Book will effect an entrance, and it can speak for itself, being at once its own authority and interpreter. The Jews will read Yiddish, and the word of God in the language of their daily life will exert its charm and lead to Him whose person, work and promises are its theme. This is, therefore, a social, political and a missionary question; the Bible given to the Jews and accepted by them will solve many vexed questions. Such a Bible is ready to hand; all that is required is the consecration of capital to pay for its circulation.

Yiddish, it will be remembered, is the familiar language of the Aschkenazim or the northern branch of European Jews. The Sephardim trace their origin from Spanish Jews, and are planted here and there where the false prophet rules. And be it remembered, that these scattered tribes, smarting under a sense of wrong and daily brought into contact with forms of idolatry offensive and foolish, are included in the Divine Commission, and ought to be evangelized. Some of their own people have felt this, but until God appointed Mr. Bergmann to his great task, no one ever attempted

it. It is true that about the middle of the eighteenth century Moses Mendelssohn translated the Holy Writings into German, but his style, a deliberate attempt to elevate the speech of his people, was not appreciated, or his version understood save by the educated. Bibles in English have been issued, but these are unattainable to the chosen race within our own borders and, of course, much more so to foreign Jews. God, however, in qualifying Mr. Bergmann, not to speak of his success, has pointed out the way to repay the debt due to Israel, and Gentiles should see to it that the obligation is at once and fully met. A solemn responsibility rests upon all believers to see that a chance, at least, is given to Abraham's seed; and this will not be until they are brought into contact with the only infallible witness. Those who hold the old faith are especially charged with this duty, and will be happy only as they discharge it.

Of Mr. Bergmann himself much might be said, but he would not be pleased if more were said of his ability than of God's grace. A humble follower of the Crucified, he has slain all ambition except the desire to magnify Christ. His prayers and his plea are that the increasing hunger for the Word of God among Jews may be satisfied. He believes that when they are acquainted with Moses and the Prophets the missionary will get his chance, because reasoning and appeal will then be possible.

He is now engaged in editing a Yiddish Bible, in which all the Messianic passages will be printed in larger and bolder type, so as to at once attract the Jewish reader from the written to the Living "Word Who was made flesh and dwelt among us."

He begs all who hold the Head to help on this work thus—

1.—By the earnest prayers of all God's children that each copy of the Word of God given to Jews may be blessed to their conversion.

2.—By gifts either for the Old or New Testament or separate portions, and other Gospel literature.

3.—By enlisting the prayerful sympathy of other Christians in this blessed work.

4.—By arranging for meetings in either Drawing Room, Lawn or Hall, when Mr. Bergmann will be happy to come and tell of the wonderful leadings of the Lord in this special work of translation and circulation of the Yiddish Scriptures.

Will you not accede to his request ?

O, Lord, this faithful effort crown
To shed abroad Thy praise,
And rear on sin's demolished throne
The temple of Thy grace.

" Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved " (Rom. x. 1).

THE END

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Marcus S. Bergmann, translator of the scriptures into Yiddish. London, Marshall [19--?]
vi, 148p. port. 20cm.

1. Bergmann, Marcus Samuel, b.1846.

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